ST NICHOLAS' HILL,

MANORBIER, THE WANDERER

AND

OTHER SKETCHES



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# St. Aicholas' Hill,

# Manorbier, The Wanderer,

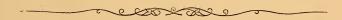
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# Other Sketches.

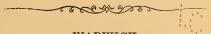
SELECTED FROM THE FOLIO OF AN ENNUYE,



A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.



precor integra cum mente nec turpem senectam Degere, nec cithara carentem.



WARWICK:
HENRY T. COOKE AND SON, HIGH STREET.
1871.

PR 5473

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#### PREFACE.

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A few years ago, debarred from more active or useful occupation, the author amused himself with making this little selection from his portfolio, of trifles, written in hours of idleness and absence from home; and printed a few copies anonymously: but so ill-digested, and with so little care and supervision, as to render the completion of it no object of satisfaction to himself.

Aware of its innumerable defects, unable to preserve his incognito, and unwilling to bear the discredit of so faulty a performance, he destroyed the few remaining copies; and, with the view of redeeming those in the hands of his friends, has endeavoured, by careful revision, rejection, and addition, to render a reprint less exceptionable. This he has now in some measure effected; but conscious of having left blemishes enough to shock the least fastidious of readers, throws himself on their indulgence.

LONGBRIDGE, NOVR., 1871.



# \$т. Фісноlas' Діці, ‡lfracombe.



IGH on a craggy steep, above
The rocky inlet of a cove,
Where oft the wintry billows drove
The storm-beleagured bark;
There stood, time honored in decay,
An oratory, hoar and grey,
The relic of far elder day,
Like some old patriarch.

Its infant tale in days of old,
Nor history nor tradition told;
Some feudal lord, or baron bold,
In penitential mood;
Or errant friar, in holy zeal
For rude untutored seaman's weal,
There housed in rustic domicile,
The relic and the rood.

For yet, on wrong and rapine bent,
Strong arm for truth and justice went;
And, in sequestered cloister pent,
The still small voice was mute:
Till, poor and earnest in his vow,
The bare-foot friar went forth to plough
The stony waste, and barren slough,
And graff the thorny shoot.

Could nature's loveliness inspire
In savage heart devotion's fire;
Sure baron bold or holy friar,
Had chosen warily:
So passing lovely, and serene
In peaceful beauty, was the scene;
Insensate as the rock had been
The heart, could pass it by.

For nature, fanciful as fair, Had emptied all her casket there, In sylvan amphitheatre

Of mountain, rocks, and caves;
Of thyme-clad downs, and beechen groves,
Of sparkling streams, of sunny coves,
And shady dells that Flora loves,
And little Wilder layes.

And thence, with fertile slope, upheaves
Majestic Torr, and Runnacleaves,
Whose verdant meads and golden sheaves
Dispute their furze-clad crown;
That to the seaward, scarped and steep,
Frowns fierce defiance to the deep,
And rushes with tremendous leap,
Precipitously down.

Where, reft by billow and by blast,
Crag, cliff and rock in ruin cast,
In rugged grandeur, stand aghast
To list the wild winds wail;
Rife death, and horrid wrecks that knell:
Fit psalmody for Tracy's cell— <sup>2</sup>
Where birds of evil-omen dwell,
And "sing their song of bale."

So fiercely fair, so softly stern,
Huge Hilsbro' rears his ancient cairn,
His precipices fledged with fern,
Down to his watery seat:
Where silver-crested wavelets flow
O'er ocean's azure fields below,
Like diamonds, glittering as they go
To kiss his stony feet.

That little sanctuary stood

High o'er the perils of the flood,

By day, the pillar of the cloud,

O'er ocean wide and far;

And 'mid the terrors of the night,

The tower bore a beacon bright,

That shed an hospitable light,

Like Israel's mystic star.

When foggy darkness veiled the sky,
Nor star nor landmark led the eye,
And shrill the sea-bird's warning cry,
Amid the ocean's roar;
The holy bell told loud and clear,
That danger and that rocks were near,
That 'tis the breakers that they hear,
That lash an iron shore.

There beadsman, palmer, devotee,
With many a benedicite,
Brought penance' and indulgence' fee, 4
And votive tribute gave:
There too, the seaman's vow was heard,
By winds delayed, by storm deterred,
And his intrepid soul demurred
To tempt the treacherous wave;

E'er yet, repentant and confessed, He bore a sin-absolvéd breast; And had the saintly relics pressed With reverential kiss; Had paid for masses, to be said For souls of the unhouseled dead, That in the battle perishéd, Or in the deep abyss.

With the first blush of morn, begun
The matin hymn to wake the sun;
And when his daily course was run,
The vesper bell of even'
Called the benighted to adore;
And, like the Saint whose name it bore,
Led many a wandering bark to shore,
And erring soul to Heav'n.

For many, 'neath a starless sky,
Distracting winds and currents ply;
That, drifting hapless hopelessly—
E'er yet to ruin cast—
Some friendly beacon-star may warn,
Some holy bell, some signal horn; 5
Like angel-voice o'er tempest borne,
And lead to port at last.

See, sternly fearless at his post,
Stands the poor skipper; compass lost;
His bark by wayward torrents tost
Upon a perilous shore,
An ill-starred wanderer he steers:
And, as his rock-rung knell he hears,
Dashing aside the springing tears
For—home alas! no more—

Hails the red beacon on his lee,
Dim looming o'er the murky sea—
Hauls to the wind right cheerily,
And heaves the fathom line:
And as he blythly springs ashore,
The saintly image to adore,
Tears from his breast the cross he wore,
And nails it on the shrine.

There, oft the midnight censer swung,
While holy monks the requiem sung,
And mournful the responses rung,
"Miserere Domine:"
Peace to the heroes of the wave;
Softly sleep the good, the brave;
And every saint shall bless their grave;
"Requiescant anime."

Heroes, doomed to know no more
Th' endearments of their native shore,
That Britain's flag to glory bore,
But now—sleep peacefully.
In honor's consecrated shrine,
A thousand fathom in the brine,
In grots of pearls and coralline,
Down in the deep, deep sea.

But years have sped; new times have come;
Now—in the desecrated dome,
Some sea-worn pilot finds a home;
A guardian yet to be:
For nightly, on the rocky steep,
He lights his beacon to the deep,
Where many a weary watch they keep,
That plough the deep blue sea.

And listening there, with 'bated breath,
Hears, o'er the surge that foams beneath,
The signal—harbinger of death—

The shriek of agony:
Straight his intrepid spirit braves
The sunken rocks, and breaker waves,
And bounding o'er the billow, saves—

From out the dark deep sea.

### ÇHE ÇHIEFTAIN'S ÇRAVE.

ŠONG.

In the cold gory clay have they laid him to rest;
His claymore by his side, all indented and red,
And a bunch of wild heather to pillow his head.

Unhallowed the earth, and unblessed is his grave, And his chrism, the blood and the tears of the brave; The strife-stirring trump shall his coronach blow, And his dirge be the death-cry, and groans of the foc.

But he'll hear not the pibroch, he'll heed not the shawn; Nor the scream of the heath-cock, the wail of the storm; For softly he'll sleep in his dear highland glen, Till the trumpet awake him to glory again.

The Coronach is the funeral music of the Scotch Highlanders the Pibroch their war call.

#### MANORBIER (OR MAYNORPIR.)

(IRREGULAR.)



South Wales (sayeth Gerald) is the most beautiful part of al Wales: Pembroke of al South Wales: & Maynorpir is the garden, & chief plot of al Pembroke-shire: and thus concludeth he, that Maynorpir is the Paradise of al Wales.

LAMBARDE TOP, HIS. 218.



Stern Manorbier!
Lovely Manorbier!
Sweet in thy frown, and in t

Sweet in thy frown, and in thy smile severe: (For many an eye, not loved the less,

Can lower in its loveliness:)

What wondering wight thy mystic vale e'er saw, But gazed with rapture, and approached with awe?

Some spell mysterious enchants Thy fascinated visitants;

That seems to realize the tale,

Where Beauty slept an hundred years,

Amid her slumbering compeers,

In some enchanted vale:

Like them—so deep In fairy sleepThou seem'st entranced in elfin rule,
So still—withal so beautiful.
Care and the busy world forgot,
Thy sweet seclusion calms,
And chains them to the sacred spot,
With all its magic charms.
In thee, the giddy laugh of folly
Forgets itself to melancholy;
To sober reverence chid by thee,
Sweet sunbeam on a wintry sea!

Still now—the charger's neigh; where clarions pealed,
And clang of arms arose—
Thy peaceful streamlet ripples in repose,
And simple peasant carols, as he goes
To drive the herd afield.

Thy mouldering turrets frown no more—
Thine internecine feuds are o'er—
Wound in their shroud of ivy green,
They but adorn th' romantic scene,

And gem thy robe of grey;
More comely in its form and fold,
More fair, more lovely to behold,
Than Spanish steel and cloth of gold,
In all their dignity of old,

And gorgeous array.

With thee, in ruined donjon cell, Sweet Contemplation loves to dwell, In sober suit, and solemn mood, With her twin sister Solitude: Where she, meek, pensive, grave recluse, The lore of ages may peruse; And brooding, in her ivy shade, O'er desolation time hath made, Read wisdom in each mouldering stone, And dream o'er generations gone; Whose tale nor lay nor legend show, With all their weal, and all their woe. Yet do their relics faintly light The gloom of medieval night; Exorcise from oblivion's deep The secrets of the donjon-keep; And tyranny in cowl of grey, That ruled with a yet sterner sway.

Here Nature in her simplest dress,
Most comely in her artlessness;
With merry Health, her daughter fair,
Trips o'er the strand with bosom bare;
Flings to the wind her sunny locks,
Free as her waves, ungarnished as her rocks;
Sports on the yellow sands, with sea-flowers strown,
And beams in rural beauty, all her own.

The flitting daw from tree to tower,
Sole tenant of her ivy bower;
The fitful carol, from the brake,
Of the lone cuckoo to his make;
The milk-maid's song at evenfall;
The herd, responding to the call,
Slow wending home adown the hill,
But make thy solemn silence audible:
As tranquil eve's enamoured spirit woos
Sweet sounds, that echo loves, and loving loathes to lose.

The lazy kine—the only wealth that now Thy fair hill-side, and mouldering arches show, Sole living things, that break the lonely scene, Browse on the braes, and pasture o'er the green;

Drowse in the ruined cloisters round,
And, with unhallowed tread,
Respect not consecrated ground,
Nor mansions of the dead:
(No stone nor vestige now can trace
Their desecrated resting-place,)
Where Monk and Abbot, fathom deep,
In cowl and scapulary sleep; 6
And soldiers of the Cross, that bore
Their cross to holy Acre's shore,
When Baldwin, in religion's cause, 7
Led Cambria's legion to the wars.

Here once the Monastery stood:

'Mid sheltering hills, and stately wood,
The sanctuary rose;

Vineyards and orchard, copse and brake,
Trim gardens verging to the lake,
All that luxurious ease bespake
Seemed here; by art and nature meet
For meditation's calm retreat,
And sanctified repose.

And sanctined repose.

Till liberty—with iron hand,

That had wellnigh enslaved the land;

And reason—ranting to be free,

As bigots strove with bigotry;

All for the love of God distraught

What ages for his love had wrought;

And what a wreck is here!

Such art thou Manorbier.

Thou seem'st to sleep the sleep of centuries;
Lulled by the linnet's song and booming bee,
And by the measured throbbing of the sea,
That clock-like marks each moment as it flies.

To thee unnoted all
The lapse of ages, and the rise,
The revolutions, and the fall
Of dynasties:

As maiden, on her lover's tomb,
With tears o'erwearied, sleeps serene;
Thou slumberest on—unwitting of thy doom—
Of all thou art, of all thou once hast been.
Sleep on—mysterious Maynorpir!
Sleep on—sleep on—thou peaceful slumberer!
Sweet be thy rest,
In thy rusticity so blest;
Thy glory past in Lethe's stream,
Forgotten, as an elfin dream;
Peace and content for ever dwell with thee,
And, nature's first and fairest child, Simplicity.

But when fancy roves
Thro' her rosen groves,
And steeps in sweet illusion all she loves:
Historic visions track
The stream of ages back,
And dreamy pageants of old glory rise
Before her fascinated eyes:
As memory's distant lamps grow fainter,
Their rays are fairer, grander, quainter,
And modern littleness contrast
With the rude grandeur of the past.
Then, lovely Manorbier!
Then art thou doubly dear;

Thy time-spun veil aside is cast,
Thy lover sees thee as thou wast,
And hails Demetia's gem—thee, fair without compeer.

Thy meadows now so fair, and crystal rill,
That turns thy little rustic mill,
She sees a noble lake; whose silver flood
Mirrors the noble pile, that stood

High o'er its verdant side;
And crowned the little knoll's extent,
With bastion, tower, and battlement,
And bartizans, that swept the dell
With arbalist and mangonel;
And the grim-toothéd cullis-grate
Grinned o'er the moat, in warlike state,

And stern baronial pride:
That told of many a bloody fray,
And darker deeds, of olden day,
When fierce and free its bulwarks on
Floated the dragon-gonfalon.

Then flashed on fancy's eye
The pomp, the pride, the circumstance,
Of listed field, and splintered lance;
And all the splendour, the romance,

And gaud of chivalry; And damsels fair, whose beauty's blaze No heart conceives in modern days: Then stalwart arm, and high-born courage went
For manhood's best accomplishment;
And knightly spurs were pledge and prize
Of fearless heart, and gentle blood,
Of courtesy, and honor's code—
The goal of lustrous eyes.

Then, Manorbier, in thine halls
Rang the groined roof, and bannered walls,
With revel loud and long;
As groaned the board, and full and fast
The mead-o'erfoaming hirlas passed, \*
And converse bright the hours beguiled;
And beauty blushed as valor smiled:

In all the pride of song—
With flowing beard, and robe of sky, 9
The minstrel bard, on dais high,
Poured forth full many a stirring lay
Of Cambria's deeds in olden day;
And many a legend, ne'er forgot,
Of Caerleon and Camelot;
How in green isles and mystic bower, 10
Great Arthur bides his fated hour,
Till fairy bands shall bring their chief again,
And Britain hail his universal reign.

And loud their praises rung—And trembled as they hung

Casque, hauberk, haketon, and dinted shield,
And brand and curtal axe;
That helm and corslet cleft like wax,
On many a well-fought field.

Now Silence reigns—and owlets brood— And Echo chides the feet, That violate the solitude Of her long-loved retreat.

And Fancy, loveliest sister of the three,
With her delightful grammarie,
O'er ruin wild and ivy-grown
Can shed enchantment of her own—
A sunny haze impart;
That veils the cruelty and crime,
But gilds the glow of olden time,
And stamps it on the heart.

Thus at thy teaching, Fancy fair,
The nobler spirit pants for purer air,
Chafes at her uncongenial bonds, and flies
To regions far, and free
From cramped conventionalities,
And fashion's foolery.
As some poor bird, in city cage confined,
'Scaped from the noious prison, where she pined,

Flees to the sunny fields, and greenwood shades, To pleasant streams, and hawthorn-scented glades;

Hails the fresh breeze and woodland song, Sweet nature's sweetest voice; And revels in her native joys, For which she'd yearned so long.

Now, only to the Poet's song,
Lit by the spark of fancy's fire,
Struck from the wizard minstrel's lyre,
The days of chivalry belong:
Yet, to the soul that wisdom kens,
They speak with burning eloquence;
The germ of all that's great unfold
In sterling hearts, and heads of old;
They never, with unblushing face,
Sold England's weal for power and place;
In them may waning Britain see
The spring of her prosperity.

But truth ill-scanned, and legend lays—Wild tales of pre-historic days,
To Fancy's fond chimeric eye
More witching in their mystery,
Can wring the reins from Reason's hand,
And lead her thrall to fairy-land.

As now—with maiden in her midnight bower, Peering through lattice in the western tower,

She roams the sleepless Severne sea, <sup>11</sup>
For some home-bounden argosie;
And seems to mourn the common lot
Of constancy—to be forgot:
Hears—the lone warder overhead,
Pacing his watch with measured tread;
And humming some old bardic lay,
To while the wakeful hours away.

Sees—in the flitting shadows, as they sweep In fitful moonbeams, o'er the misty steep,

Weird forms of Druids old;
Quaint sprites of no terrestial mould,
And shapes mysterious, that behove
The mythic age of Fancy's love:
That, gossips tell, yet hover round
The chromlech's death-devoted ground; 12
Where spells of magic potence erst
The very rocks asunder burst,
And horrid fissures yet can shew 13
What once mage Merlin's art could do.
She stands amazed

At the wild phantoms, that herself has raised; And shudders, as her half-closed eyes Recall their horrid mysteries.

As now—the midnight moon In cloudless glory shone; And o'er the bay, and quivering ocean threw Her spangled canopy of blue; So fair the night, to Fancy's sight The waters trembled with delight; Onward the little wavelets rolled, Broke on the sands in sparks of gold, And mocked the eyelets of the sky, With fire's phosphoric mimicry: The vine-clad hills, and headlands seem Pearled with her soft mysterious beam; Tall hazel covert, and swart wood— As towered each patriarchal tree Tipped with her tinsel filigree— Like hoary-headed giants stood: Or things of frosted silver, set In shadow deep, and dark as jet. On abbey pinnacle and spire Fell the full flood of paly fire, That all in sheeny contrast show From vault of deepest indigo.

A thousand colored rays
From the rich-storied oriels blaze—
As wake is kept, and mass is said
For souls in Palestina sped—

Imparting all their ruddy glow
To the cold ebon lake below;
Where thousand starlets ocean-deep
Beneath th' unruffled surface sleep;
As, coote and curlieu gone to nest,
The sleepy water-lilies lie,
Nursing to rest
Their half-closed chalices of ivory.

Adown the dreamy vale,
The weary nightingale
Had ceased her love-lorn madrigal,
And all was still;
Save the faint plashing waterfall,
And distant mill;
Or 'chance, the wailing requiem
Soft o'er the listening water stole,
Or the sad melting cadence of the hymn
Of midnight mass, for a departing soul.

So fair, so mythic all—it seemed Some limner drew, or poet dreamed: Tho' never pencil might express The soft romantic loveliness, Or poesie's supremest flight The grand, the awful majesty of night; Yet may th' enchantress Fancy's power, Bred in the weird moon's witching hour, E'en fascinate the mental eye, And flout cold stark reality.

Sleep on, mysterious Maynorpir!
Sleep on—sleep on—thou peaceful slumberer;
Sweet be thy rest,

In thy simplicity so blest: Launched in a golden dream Down age's tranquil stream, While elfin oars keep time To th' tuneful water's chime, And health-embalméd gales Distend thy silken sails:

O'er the smooth surface may'st thou calmly sweep, Nor ken the rocks and wrecks, that mar the dreadful deep.



### Фне Wanderer's Żeturn.

My withered heart may be,

And years and oceans long have rolled
Between this heart and thee;

Yet grateful memory ne'er shall prove
Inconstant to her earliest love.

Thy vision yet my soul enthrals;
Thy health-inspiring gales,
Thy meadows, green as emeralds,
And harvest-laden vales,
Efface long years of absent pain,
And lead me back to youth again.

Can I forget thy peaceful shades,
Haunt of my happiest hours?
Or cease to love thy birchen glades,
And honey-suckle bowers?
I'll ever love thee; tho' to me
Thou art not what thou used'st to be.

The music of that sabbath bell
Can yet its charm impart;
As some sweet soul-reviving spell
To th' weary world-worn heart
Recalls our earliest, dearest ties,
And wakes a thousand sympathies.

Thy peaceful streams as gently flow,
Wild flowers as sweet bestrew thee,
Thy balmy breezes softly blow,
As when in youth I knew thee;
Yet now—I visit thee agen,
A stranger and an alien.

Each loved resort, and woodland path,In solitude I roam;Where once I'd friends at every hearth,In every cot a home:But now—forgotten and alone,A weary waif, I wander on.

Thy cottage bowers are as green,

Thy hearths yet blaze as free;
But where are they, that blessed the scene,
And made it dear to me?

Like many a monarch of the wood,
The gap alone shews where it stood.

Yon mansion—where the tortured yews
And quaint-clipped boxes stand,
And olden linden avenues,
Have 'scaped the spoiler's hand,
And little Cupid on the lawn
Is spouting water thro' his horn—

New impulse to my soul imparts;
That burns, as it recalls
Those days of dear congenial hearts,
And hospitable halls;
When friendship was a purer tie
Than polished insincerity.

There joyous playmates oft have met,
The festive Yule to bless;
And I burned to grasp the hand—if yet
A hand remained to press;
But boding fancy seemed to me
To speak another dynasty.

I asked; they said the name they'd heard—
But it was years ago;
The tomb is in the kirken yard;
And that is all they know:
"You may the sad memorial see,
It stands beside the old ash tree."

Yes—it was there; and many a stone
Now occupies the place,
With many a mound, where I had known
A plane and empty space;
And every epitaph disclosed
The cell, wherein a friend reposed;

Revived some pleasing memory,
Long years had laid to rest;
Of many an eye that smiled on me,
And many a hand I'd pressed;
Blythe hearts, that once with mine beat high
Amid the village revelry.

One little cultivated spot
Seemed kept with tender care;
With violets, "forget-me-not,"
And roses growing there;
It looked a smiling garden ground,
With archéd withies fenced around.

Such is the simple moniment
The rustic mourner rears;
That's long with fond affection tent,
And watered with her tears:
The sadly vacant hour may there
Find object for affection's care.

The dear old church could scarce be known,
'Twas altered every feature;
The good old Vicar'd long been gone—
They've got a modern teacher;
He's changed it all, to make more room;
Yet, they say, fewer people come.

His fancies and his flowers they deem Capricious vanities:
And sure God's service is no theme
For him to compromise;
Nor do they very clearly see
What he calls Catholicity.

"Ah! 'twas'nt so when you were here"—
The old man said no more,
But shook his head, and dropped a tear,
As he shut the chancel door:
"I'm eighty three come May," said he,
"It matters little now to me."

There, in a cottage by the gate
With roses overgrown,
A widow at the wicket sate,
Poor solitary one;
And as she plied, with patient zeal,
The labour of her spinning wheel—

Methought I could the semblance trace—
Now care-worn, widowed, wan—
Of a once-joyous little face,
So bright in days agone:
From earliest infancy, she said,
That humble cot she'd tenanted;

And rich, in all domestic joys,
The world she'd envied not;
The village was her Paradise,
And competence her lot;
But fortune frowned—and one by one,
Child, parents, husband, all were gone.

She, melancholy chronicler,
With tearful eye displayed
The ravages, that year by year,
The hand of time had made;
How she had known, since childhood's day,
A generation pass away.

"It 'minds us that our day is near,
Nor do I wish reprieve;
There have I all to go to—here
But less and less to leave."
The gentry at the hall, she said,
Had long been all dispersed or dead:

She'd heard the Squire's passing bell,
She'd seen the feathers wave,
And the long cortege marked she well
That bore him to the grave:
For, "since he lost Miss Emmelen,"
She said, "he never smiled agen."

She had been married eighteen years,
And much misfortune known;
"He fell at sea," she said with tears,
"He was but forty-one:
I have his medal here, you see,
"Tis a poor recompense to me."

"At last, he sailed for Elsinore In th' old Bellerophon; He found a bed on foreign shore, And I a widowed one: And I have striven sore sithence To earn a scanty competence."

"And then my child; poor little thing—
She's gone; I could not bear
To see her patient suffering;
I know she's better there:
Yet, when at night I sit alone,
In every wind I hear her moan."

"Beneath yon bed of flowers she lies;
There oft to twilight's ear,
I sing the simple melodies,
That once she loved to hear;
For while I think she yet is near,
I feel less solitary here."

"I love to think my song she hears, Child of a brighter sphere; And fain would wipe away the tears My weakness sheds for her; And soothe the half-reluctant sigh, That 'wails her happier destiny."

"I see the flowers droop and close,
Nipped by the chilly night,
But they shall ope when morning glows,
To hail the heavenly light:
We ought not, with such thoughts as those,
To mourn because the flowers close."

Could you, I asked, no pension get?

"Oh yes, they told me so;
But I must wait they said—and yet
It's seven years ago:
I've too much pride to beg; and they've
Too little gratitude to give."

And when that night I sank to rest,
And reason lost her sway;
My brain, all fevered and oppressed,
In fancy's wild array
Swept o'er the visions of the past,
With gloomy shadows overcast.

Methought, each monumental stone
I had so lately read,
Had ta'en the living semblance on
Of those they coveréd;
And fondly seemed to welcome me,
With olden-time's sincerity.

His frosty footstep Time withdrew,
The intervening years
Had vanished, as the morning dew
When morning sun appears;
And my young spirit seemed to fly,
With all its wonted buoyancy,

To scenes, and sounds, I'd loved so well;
The brook that murmured by;
The lowing herd; the sheep-cot bell;
The woodland minstrelsy;
And, softly swelling on the breeze,
The distant bells rang symphonies:

These, with the deep sonorous bass
Of the hoarse waterfall,
Made one delicious diapase,
To soothe the soul withal;
Yet, was in every breeze a moan,
That melancholy feeds upon.

We ranged the fields; we leaped the brook;
We sought the dingle thro'
For birds' nests, in each woody nook,
As we were wont to do;
And I kenned the accents of each tongue,
And knew the very songs they sung.

Sweet smelt the birks; and sweet the breeze,
That kissed the flowering broom;
And I heard the murmur of the bees,
That revelled in the bloom;
And knew the whistle, that revealed
The shepherd as he went afield.

The girls were making holiday,
As they were used whilome,
And riding on the new-made hay,
Were chanting, "Harvest-home:"
And there was pathos in the strain,
No waking ear can know again:

Like fairy notes, that witch the ears
Amid the moonlit grove,
And chant, in strains of other spheres,
The dirge of those we love;
Those pretty voices seemed to mourn
For days, that never can return.

I knew each merry eye, apart
Fond recollection kept
Each gentle voice, for all my heart
Was waking, tho' I slept:
Yet did my dreaming fancy cleed
Those laughing eyes in widow weed.

Once more, I met my old compeers;
And Emmelen was there,
(For all amid the lapse of years
I'd ne'er forgotten her)
She seemed to me unearthly fair,
And she had cypress in her hair.

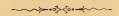
I heard once more the festive voice
Of gambols long gone by;
The old hall echoed with the noise,
The Yule-log blazed on high,
And red light on the antlers flung,
Whereon the mistletoe was hung:

The merry mistletoe all hail
With universal shout;
The Vicar left his pipe and ale,
And chased the girls about;
So zealously did they resist—
Yet managed to be caught, and kissed.

Joy beamed in every happy face,
As round the dancers flew;
The good old squire led the race,
And laughed the loudest too;
And yet—strange inconsistency,—
The tomb was by the old ash tree.



## THE DEATH OF CONLACK.



The Story taken from the ancient Gaelic ballad of Gilliecallum M'an Olave.



Cuchullin's tower beside,

A Herald rein'd his reeking steed,

And to the warder cried—

"Go haste thee, warder, tell thy lord, That Ulster's valiant King Demands the succour of his sword; For sad the news I bring."

"From Dunscäïck a warrior came,
To spy our beauteous land;
And vowed he'd ne'er disclose his name,
Till forced by stronger hand."

"His stalwart arm and flashing een Youth's early bloom displayed; And dauntless is his noble mien, And beauteous as a maid."

"Brave Connal went to meet him; still He would not give the word; He said his warrant was his will, His pass-port was his sword."

"They fought—the stranger bound him—then
To avenge good Connal's fall,
To rescue came an hundred men;
The stranger bound them all."

"Of Banva's race, of Rury's clan, (No weaklings in the fray) Of Connor's children, not a man, His proud career can stay."

"Thy hands alone, Oh Chief, thy hands, Can save the land's despite; Thine honor calls, thy King demands Thy falchion to the fight." "Chief of the blood-red branch! to you
He looks; nor deem the hand,
That mighty Connal overthrew,
Unworthy of thy brand."

Up rose the warrior Chief, and bid Them reach his habergeon, Caparison his battle steed, And gird his claymore on.

In saddle sprung, all night he rode,
And e'er the morning dim,
Before the stalwart youth he stood,
To give account of him.

"Brave youth," he said, "thy name impart,
My King demands't of thee;
Thou hast no need, whoe'er thou art,
To keep't a mystery."

"An hundred men in fetters cast, Thy noble race proclaim; Such deed of valour unsurpassed Might gild a royal name." "I ask thee, pray thee, if thou wilt;
It is no proud demand;
I would not thy young blood were spilt,
For half my castle land."

"Speak but the word, my hand I tend To thee, in friendship true; Is a foe better than a friend? And one no suckling too?"

"Oh foremost in the battle! pride Of Erin's favoured land; Fain would I tell thee," he replied, "The word thou dost demand."

"For love, I fain would tell it thee, If mortal man might know; There's that within that counsels me; But Oh! I have a vow."

"I have a vow, great Chief—a vow
To one on earth most dear;
Oh no—I cannot break it now—
I may not fail to her."

"A mother's parting word forbade,
It is a sacred cause;
Else would I ne'er unsheath the blade,
This hand reluctant draws."

"Choose ye good youth," he said, "thine arm By better deeds be known; My wrath, my friendship both are warm, My sword a weighty one."

"I have a mother; can I shame Her cheek by faith so frail? I have a father, Sir; whose name Perchance might make thee quail."

"Tell it"—"I may not"—"then prepare,
Thy luckless fate impels,
Thy folly urges me to war,
From which my soul rebels."

The stranger fell—Cuchullin's sword,
That never failed its blow,
Had cleft his target thick and broad,
And cut his morion thro'.

"Oh tell me now," the Chieftain said,
"Brave boy, Oh tell me now;
Thy name, the land where thou wast bred,
And say, whose son art thou?"

"Conlack my name; Cuchullin's son; Dundalgin's heir am I: Would I had known my sire; and won His blessing, e'er I die:"

"For I was yet unborn, when he Left Skiath's Isle; and there The best of mothers nurtured me, With more than mother's care."

"Seven years in other lands I passed, Whence I might knowledge earn; And this fair land, the best, the last, Was all I'd left to learn."

"I'd heard Dundalgin's fields were fair, And great my father's name; And my young bosom yearned to share, And emulate his fame." "But piously I've kept my vow,
Tho' vain with fate I strove;
And paid in blood the debt, I owe
To a sweet mother's love."

"My son! my son!" the Chieftain cried,
"My Conlack! brave and good:"

And clasped the hero to his side,
And staunched the crimson flood:

"Thou art my very Conlack; now Her lineaments revive; Thy mother's Conlack; tell me—Oh! Thy mother—doth she live?"

But damp his brow; his lips grew pale;
His fixed eye's fire was flown;
His fair head on his shoulder fell,
And his arm dropt lifeless down.

So fled that noble spirit; slain
By hapless father's blade;
That, like the Pelian lance, would fain
Have healed the wound it made.

As some young oak in Bashan's vale, In vigour firm and fast, Falls, stricken by the northern gale, Unbending to the blast.

So that young blooming scion drooped,
I' the wintry atmosphere;
That gentle blythe young leopard stooped,
Beneath the hunter's spear.

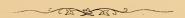
Thou hast a bootless triumph won, Cuchullin; wreathe thy brow With rue; for destitute and lone Thou art, and childless now.

The festive hall, and ladies' bower,
The battle's wild debate,
No more shall cheer thy weary hour,
Bereaved and desolate.

No more, thy loved Dundalgin's shade, Shall soothe that heart of care; Till thou at last to rest be laid, Beside thy Conlack there.

## ROM RETRARCH.

CANZONE V.



He complains that Laura's treatment deprives him, and him alone, of that rest, which night brings to all other living creatures.



HEN as at twilight's hour, Sol's western ray,
Fast sinking, bears the cheery light of day
To realms, that wait his welcome benison;
Far on a wild, belated and alone,
Behold an aged, weary, wandering crone,
Doubling her pace, and weakly wending on;

Till, cheerily, at last
Her daily journey past;
Straightway adown she throws
Her wearied limbs, to snatch a sweet repose;

Nor heeds the noious way she's traversed o'er. But every pang, Alas! that day brings me,

Grows but more sadly sore,

As days press onward to eternity.

### II.

Soon as the parting chariot of light Yields his bright empire up to murky night, And mountain shadows lengthen o'er the vale; The frugal peasant, at the close of day Shouldering his spade, and chasing care away With rustic carol, and a merry tale,

Plods to his homely board,
With simple viands stored;
Such as in ancient years,
The acorn gave, and mem'ry yet reveres.
Let those who may unburdened hearts possess;
But night or day, my wearied spirit knows—

I say not cheerfulness— But ne'er one hour of undisturbed repose.

### III.

Soon as the shepherd sees, with drooping head,
The Sun descending to his wat'ry bed,
And all the east a dusky twilight hold;
He gets him up, and takes his faithful crook,
Leaving the beechen shade, and murmuring brook,
And gently drives his little flock to fold:

Then in sequestered grot,
Or ivy-mantled cot,
His rushy couch he strows;
And, careless-gay, he hies him to repose.
Ah cruel Love! that still dost urge me on
Ever to follow, to my deadly bane,
This fair unfeeling one;
Yet dost thou not her cruelty restrain.

### IV.

The mariner, in some secluded bay,
Wrapped in his rough capote, at close of day,
Throws him to rest upon the deck's hard floor:
But I—when Sol has gulphed him in the main,
And left behind him all the coast of Spain,
Th' Herculean pillars, and the tawny Moor;

Mankind, and flocks and herds,
In teeming myriads,
Compose their cares to rest—

I ne'er chase wakeful sorrow from my breast: Long weary sorrow, time but feeds its power; Yet has it wellnigh lingered ten long years,

Still growing every hour: I can divine no respite to my tears.

### V.

Why do I try to comfort me with song?

I see the teams return at eventide,
Unyoked, from furrowed field, and mountain side;
Yet ne'er from grief unlooséd is my tongue:
Is there no burden in the yoke I bear?
Whence day and night the never-ceasing tear?

Alas! those witching days;
When first I fixed my gaze
Upon her beauty's blaze,

That has so stamped her image on my heart, So deep—no power may e'er obliterate; Till death, that doth all mortal things await,

At length shall us dispart: And even then, I'm doubtful of my fate.

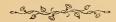


# ÜHE ÇAST ÇRIENO.

anos

Diluit et lachrymis mærens unguenta profusis; Ossaque vicina condita texit humo. Qui quoniam extinctis, quæ debet, præstat amicis; Et nos extinctis annumerare potest.

Ov. Pont. ix.



WAS just—nay, more than—fifteen years ago; Since, aching hearts, in sable weed arrayed, Marshalled in solemn cortege, sad and slow, We wound beneath that death-devoted shade.

Beneath those gnarled sentinels of death,

That guard the peaceful precincts of her tomb,
We gave to dust the dust that perisheth;

And blessed her flight to an eternal home.

A little cell 'twas, made but for a pair;
Where one erewhile had made his long abode:
Then closed for ever—they together there
Await the final summons of their God.

And friends were there—once dear, nor e'er forgot;
Parted in greener age, on life's career;
Then in sere leaf, with many a chequered lot,
Rejoined in common mourning o'er her bier.

It was a mournful union, and the last;
The one dear object of our care was gone:
Each on his several way in sadness passed,
And all was drear, deserted, and forlorn.

It was a mournful union, and the last;
Now have they paid their debt; and torn a page
From memory's record of a brighter past,
That somewhat cheered this weary pilgrimage.

One goes and then another—so the eve
Of life grows darker—till, to consummate
The devastation, comes the last bereave—
The one, that seems to make us desolate.

Sublata amicitia tollitur e vita jucunditas.—Cic.

### THE RAINBOW.

"I will set my bow in the clouds."

HAT mystic charm imbues
The dark and distant shower,
With every jewel's hues,
And tints of every flower?
What gives the fervid glow,
To th' mists that earth enshroud?
And stamps the radiant Bow,
For ever on the cloud?

A Talisman immortal,
T' avert impending wrath;
'Tis Heaven's golden portal,
Whence mercy issues forth;
God's pledge of grace, that shone
On nature's wreck, when erst
The eye of pity on
The world of waters burst.

'Tis effluence divine,
Illuminates the shower,
And stamps compassion's sign
On the avenging power;
A ray of Heav'n, that brightens
The dew that nature steeps;
An Angel's smile, that lightens
On nature when she weeps.

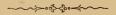
'Tis like the joy of sadness,
That melancholy wears;
'Tis like a beam of gladness,
Reflected in her tears;
'Tis like the joyous dawn,
That gilds the parting shower,
That on the bridal morn
Bedews the orange flower.

As some infant orphan's smile, Recalls the dear departed—Can widowed woe beguile, And soothe the broken hearted: Some sweet maternal vision The lab'ring heart t' appease; Some meteor's bright ignition On the dark and troubled seas.

'Tis like the breast, that borrows Consolation from a sigh; Like lips that smile at sorrows, And eyes that weep for joy; Like fairy Hope that cheers Sick hearts, that hope resign, That brightens beauty's tears, And makes them quite divine.



## ÇHE ÇMIGRANT'S ÇAMENT.



Ante meos oculos stat tua, tua semper imago est; Et videor vultus mente videre tuos.

Ov. Pont.



OE! to the weary heart; woe! to the stranger;
From home's sweetest solace, and sympathy torn;
O'er desert, o'er sea, o'er the wide earth a ranger;
Lonely, disconsolate, weary, forlorn.

Ah! where are the wild flowers, that memory cherished?

The young foot, that tripped over mountain and moor?

The light heart? all—all but remembrance has perished,

That lives to the exile, who lives to deplore.

They told me of liberty, prairies unending;
They told me of sunshine, eternal and free;
But they told not the pangs that this bosom are rending,
Dissevered from all that is lovely to me.

Tho' regions in summer eternal were glowing;
Tho' golden savannahs uncultivate bore;
Far dearer to me, thy blue rocks, Innishowen!
And the weird, and the wind-riven crags of Bengore.

'Twas there, with the petrel, in life's early morning,
I beat the wild billow, and rode on its crest;
And the perilous steep of rude Evenach scorning,
I reft the young prize from the peregrine's nest.

Now, toward thee, each day, do I gaze with devotion, Where morn's dewy pinions emerge from the sea; And the rays of her rising, sweet islet of ocean! The first and the fairest, she sheds upon thee.

Now, musing I rove by these waters of sorrow;

And fancy each wave, as it rolls from afar,

From the land of the morning its brightness may borrow,

And have kissed the dear shingle of Ballymenah.

Too late, do we learn, all unfriended, forsaken,

How dear is the homestead, how hallowed the ground;

How sweet is the morsel by friendship partaken,

And the bright glowing peat on the dear ones around.

I have loved thee too dearly; for fond recollections
But cherish regret for thee; land of my birth!
Sweet home of my fathers, and fondest affections;
And the last one of all that were dearest on earth.

Blow on, ye sweet airs, on her heathery mountains, Ye fair flowers deck her vales, tho' for others to see; Ye streams issue bright from your fern-shaded fountains; And the shamrock shall bloom—tho' it bloom not for me.



## ҈ФНЕ ⟨С́НАВМ.



Picciola è l' ape, e fa col picciol morso Pur gravi, e pur moleste le ferite.—TASSO.

A Pastoral Tale, From Tasso.



That my little hand scarcely had height
To gather the apples, that hung
On the branches, that bent with the weight;

A youthful acquaintance I made
With a dear little maiden; so fair,
That the breezes of spring never played
With the gold of so beautiful hair.

She was Sylvia; rich in domains
Was her father Montano, and wise;
And she, the delight of the plains,
And the load-star of neighbouring eyes.

Why mention it? Ah! such a pair,
And so constant companions as we,
No doves of the wood ever were,
And I doubt if there ever will be.

Tho' our cots were in near vicinage,
We were nearer in heart and in will;
And so suitable were we in age—
But in habit more suitable still.

Our toils, in the lake and the heather,

For the birds and the fishes we wrought;

And we followed the roe-buck together,

And together rejoiced in the sport.

We partook of the game too; but now While making such havoc and spoil, I felt—tho' I cannot say how—

That myself was entrapped in the toil.

By degrees, o'er my spirit there grew Some strange indescribable care; No manifest reason I knew— But weeds will grow everywhere. And my heart such a longing beset,
For Sylvia's company—how
I might always be with her—and yet,
I could never be with her enow.

From her eyes, and their exquisite ray,
What a marvellous pleasure I drew!
Yet a something was left to allay—
Was it fancy? or bitterly true?

But now—thrice has the harvester wrought, And thrice winter has widowed the trees; She avoids me—she holds me at nought; And she flies me whenever she sees.

To please her what would I not try?

And, but death, I had everything tried;
I had nothing to do but to die,

And fain would I gladly have died.

And I would even now, if I knew
That my death would afford her delight;
Or that she, having provéd me true,
Would my faith with her pity requite.

Of the two, I can hardly say—
If she would but compassion accord—
Whether death it would better repay,
Or fidelity better reward.

So I sighed; and continued to sigh;
Tho' I knew not the cause of my sighs;
Such a novice to Cupid was I,
That he deigned not to open my eyes.

But at last—what a booby! you'll say—
A thing happened the matter to prove:
Just listen; I'll tell you the way
I discovered the tyrant was love.

We were sitting one day in the shade Of a beautiful beech, that hard by Its umbrageous canopy spread, There were Sylvia, Phyllis, and I.

When an impudent bee, that in those Flowery meadows was seeking for food, Flew at Phyllis, instead of a rose, Deceived by the similitude.

Perhaps he believed her a flower,
And he bit her, the honey to seek;
But there was not a rose in the bower,
So fragrant as Phyllis's cheek.

He bit it, and bit it again;
It was really a terrible sting;
And Phyllis cried out with the pain,
It has killed me—the horrible thing!

But my beautiful Sylvia replied,
Don't cry, Phylly, there's nothing in it—
For I know a few words, that applied,
Will make it all well in a minute.

Artesia taught me the line;
And I gave for the secret she told,
That ivory bugle of mine,
That is fretted all over with gold.

Then she put her sweet lips to the wound,
And some spell she appeared to rehearse;
I heard a soft murmuring sound,
But I could not distinguish the verse.

In a moment—the pain it was gone;
Could the words have effected so much?
Or the lips of so lovely a one,
That must cure every thing that they touch?

To that hour, I had doted alone
On her eyes, and their luminous beams;
On her voice, of so dulcet a tone,
It is sweet as the murmuring streams;

As the music of waters, that seethe O'er the bed of the pebbly dell? As the evening Zephyrs, that breathe To the Dryads a nightly farewell.

But now—all my heart was on fire,
All my native simplicity flown;
And I burned with the novel desire,
To press those sweet lips to my own.

O Love! how you sharpen the wit!
I was never addicted to art;
But I now had recourse to deceit,
To obtain the desire of my heart.

I know not what made me so deep,
But I too began to complain;
And I put up my hand to my lip,
And pretended to writhe with the pain.

To request it I never could brook,
Or to such an idea give vent;
But I gave so imploring a look,
That she never could doubt what it meant.

Poor Sylvia, all inexpert
In such artifice, offered her aid
To relieve me the pain of the hurt
She imagined the insect had made.

But alas! 'twas a perilous cure;
As she pressed those sweet corals of hers,
The wound, that I really endure
In my heart, grew a hundred times worse.

There is never a bee in the plain,

Tho' the thyme of Hymettus he sips;
Could imbibe such a nectar again,

As I, from those beautiful lips.

But prudence my ardour repressed—
For it seemed overpowering my sense;
And I checked my temerity, lest
I should foolishly give her offence.

But tho' the delight was so great,

I had learnt that my heart was in thrall;
The honey, believe me, was sweet,

But it was not unmingled with gall.

So sweet—I pretended the spell
Had failed, in assuaging the pain;
And I made her believe it so well,
That she did it again, and again.

From that hour I could hardly endure
The anguish, it wore me to dust;
And my heart was so full, that I'm sure
If it had not a vent, it would burst.

Aminta, Act 1, Scene 2.



### BY THE WATCH BIRE.

Answer to "Go where Glory waits thee."-T. MOORE.

Ty the watch-fire dozing, When the daylight's closing,

Then I dream of thee;

By the embers waking, E'er the day is breaking,

Still I remember thee.

Memory, past and smiling, Absent hours beguiling, Perils reconciling,

Binds my soul to thee;

Heav'n itself were void, But with thee enjoyed;

For thou art all to me.

When, 'mid orange shades, Melting serenades

Breathe sweetest harmony;

They recall the joys
Of one more witching voice;

Then I remember thee.

Beauty 'round me beaming, Hearts with kindness teeming, Eyes angelic gleaming—

Lovely as they be—

But the more remind me Of those I left behind me;

Beyond the salty sea.

When brave hearts are bounding To the trumpet sounding;

Then I remember thee:

Smiles from those we love Valour's meed shall prove;

Then I remember thee:

Like an angel near me, In danger's hour to cheer me, In duty's path to steer me,

Thy spirit form I see;

Life and hope grow dearer— Death has only terror,

When I remember thee.



#### REMEMBER.

Pasce l'agna l'erbette, il lupo l'agne; Ma il crudo Amor di lagrime si pasce.— TASSO.

EMEMBER, Mary, years agone
Thou wast a lonely orphan one;
E'er yet thy childish years could spare
A mother's tenderness and care:

Remember

How, in the solitary hours, I taught thee plant thy little flowers: Thy garden plot was next to ours,

Remember.

Fate seemed to have ordained me The solace of thine infancy; And 'twas to me a pleasing care, All lorn and lovely as you were;

Remember

How after school-hours every day, You met me, on my homeward way; It was with you I loved to play,

Remember.

The other boys were rude, and I
Preferred thy gentle company;
How dear the little walks we took,
Down to the meadows, by the brook!
Remember

How oft together, by the Lynn, We watched the gushing waters shine: Thy little soft hand fast in mine, Remember.

How, as we rambled o'er the lea,
The linnet poured her minstrelsy;
And how I plucked the hare-bells blue,
And climbed the ring-dove's nest for you:
Remember

How, when the sultry noon oppressed thee, In th' old oak shade we sat to rest thee: And closer to my heart I pressed thee, Remember.

Those scenes were dearer far to me,
Than Enna's flowery meads could be;
The flowers we culled more bright and green,
Than all the growth of Hippocrene;
Remember,

I wove for you a floral crown,
And kissed you when I put it on:
To me 't has proved a thorny one,
Remember.

Each spring the thrush renewed her lay,
The cuckoo came, and went away;
In one unvarying round, the grain
Was sown, was ripe, was reaped again,
Remember:

And tho' the wintry winds invaded, And nature's self grew sere and jaded; There was one flower that never faded, Remember.

There was one joy, that never cloyed,
One hope, sincere and unalloyed;
Sincere, but Ah! we little thought
How dearly those sweet hours were bought:
Remember,

We spoke no more of childish play, But talked of what might be—one day; Tho' little dreamt how far away,

Remember.

Advancing years brought duties too, And tore me from my home, and you; O'er the wide waters cast my fate, All heartless and disconsolate:

Remember

How many a wistful sigh we cast Upon the dear enchanting past: But the dread "Farewell" came at last, Remember. I would have wept a thousand years, To spare but one of those sweet tears: But that I lived to solace thee, Life were indifferent to me:

Remember. All—all our blissful dream was gone, And wormwood was the star, that shone, Upon our parting benison.

Remember,

'Twas then we learnt affection's tie, Grown with our growth, can never die; 'Tis some ethereal sympathy Can bless—but Oh! it can destroy. Remember—

Oh! remember, e'er the sun was set That night—I never can forget— But many a weary year shall yet Remember.



#### ЖО ЖНЕ ЖELINO.



SLOW on, thou gentle stream,

As calm as summer skies,

As pure as infant's dream,

And deep as lovers' sighs

E'er they sped:

Celestial stillness rest
On thy calm unruffled breast,
And the turtle makes her nest,
O'er thy bed.

How often did I stray
Down thy lotus-scented vale,
To hear the plaintive lay
Of th' lonely nightingale;
When the gleam
Of the sinking sun had dressed
In gold the burning west,
And the swallow dipped her breast
In the stream.

And I watched the last fair ray
On thy peaceful waters set;
As they went their joyous way,
Yet smoother, swifter yet,
As they flow
To the roaring precipice
Of the cataract's abyss,
Where the eddies foam and hiss,
Down below.

And I said it with a sigh,

It is so with earthly joys;

When sweet and swift they fly,

They give a warning voice:

As the calm,

By wild tornado nursed,

Precedes the dreadful burst;

The stagnant stillness first

Gives alarm.



REPOSE.



Painted by Danby-Exhibited 1843.

(AC) (DE)

THE sun had nigh set, and the gorgeous west In her robes of vermillion and amber had dressed; And the last mellow ray of his glory had shed O'er the sear-tinted forest of russet and red; Had gilded the water, the woods, and the wold. And the gossamers floated in liquid gold.

Not a zephyr was stirring; the evening's breath Was as fragrant an Eden, as tranquil as death; Not a sound from the neighbouring hamlet arose, And nature entrancéd was sunk to repose; While Hesper was patiently watching the sun, To scatter the dew, when his reign had begun.

And the wraith of the moon was half shining e'er yet The last ray of the sun in the ocean had set; Like a prodigal child, that with impious eyes, Is awaiting a parent's obsequies:

And the hills, far away in the evening mist, Resemble huge masses of amethyst.

There's a mystical stillness o'er meadow and dell; There's a charm o'er the woods, and the waters as well; And the silvery drops, in the solemn hush, Are heard as they fall from the hawberry bush; Or a leaf now and then as it drops from a tree, Like a withered joy, fall'n from mortality.

The choir is deserted; the chorus is done;
They have sung their last anthem of praise to the sun;
The foraging rooks to the covert repair;
The watch dog has crept to his wakeful lair;
And Echo sat watching in jealous despite,
As silence was wooing the spirit of night.

There is something unearthly, so mythic and quaint, Such as Spencer would sing, or Danby would paint; You would fancy that Näids would spring from the flood, Or the revel of Dryads be heard in the wood; That the reeds of the shepherds would waken the dells, And that fairies would spring from the fox-glove bells: That the days of romance had returnéd again To Thessalian shores, and Arcadia's plain; That the dying Adonis lay bathéd in gore, And the Cupids were catching the truculent boar; While Venus sat wailing him all the night long, Like Philomel, wailing the raid on her young.

Such a night—pretty Thisbe enraptured had hung O'er the chink in the wall, where her Pyramus sung Such strains, as may only by twilight be told To blushes, too burning for day to behold; And impressed the cold stone, at each nightly adieu, With kisses, so warm as almost to go through.

Such a night—Hero lighted her love-leading star, And sighed, as she watched o'er the waters afar; "Ah! why does he tarry? for zephyrs to waft? Or fears he the waters he's tempted so oft? Is Hero less fair? or Leander less free? Oh! the winds and the waves are less fickle than he."

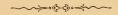
Such a night—the pale gleam of her beacon espying, On the tower, where love and his Hero were lying, As his eager eye noted the signal she gave, The youth of Abydos sprang into the wave: Ah! trust not, bold swimmer, that pitiless sea, 'Twas a grave to poor Helle; and shall be to thee. Such a night—Eloise at her lattice reclined, And sighed her complaint to the listening wind: "All creation rejoices; all nature is peace; There is joy in the echo, and balm in the breeze; Grove, mountain, and valley their praises return; And is man, and man only, thus fated to mourn?"

"The coverts with evening pæans resound,
And hail the glad sun, as each morrow comes round;
But my cell's ever damp with my tears; and my eyes
But awake to each morrow of penance and sighs;
And the flames, that this languishing bosom consume,
Are but funeral fires; as the lamp in the tomb."

"Does God send His blessings for man to despise? Or require of man only the sacrifice? Cease not, little sylphs, ye are free as the air, Ye are joyous as sunshine, as guiltless of care; For you—shall the spring cleed the desolate groves, And restore ye your mates, and your innocent loves."

"But no spring can return, or no sunshine appear, In the dark and damp aisles of this sepulchre here: Nor rest is for thee, Eloisa! till death From this penance of earth absolution bequeathe; Where his balm universal Hope never bestows, Where the day has no joy; and the night no REPOSE."

# WELL KOT ON KEMORY.



Poma dat Autumnus, gaudet sibi messibus æstas, Ver præbet flores, igne levatur hyems.—Ov.



WELL not on memory, that endears
The tender scenes of earlier years;
Nor yet repine,
That life's romance is past and gone,
That sob'rer days come rolling on,
Nor hearts the fascination own,
Of eyes like thine.

Think not, that youth alone is dear,
That beauty's all we live for here,
Her smiles to follow;
For how her heavenly mission prove,
If youth alone her smiles may move,
And woman's tenderness and love
Fly, with the swallow?

Autumn has fruit, if spring has flowers:
And peaceful are the social hours
Round winter's fire.
Nor say; life, like the rose o'erblown,
Has lost all sweetness of its own,
And beauty, with her petals flown,
Leaves but a briar.



### RORACE AND EYDIA.

From Horace, B. iii., Ode ix.



- H. While I was dear to thee, e'er yet More favoured arms than mine beset That lovely neck, than snow more fair, No Eastern Prince was happier.
- L. E'er Lydia, foremost in thy love,In vain 'gainst pretty Chloe strove:Nor Ilia's fame were dearer prize,Than was thy love, in Lydia's eyes.
- H. Yes—my whole soul fair Chloe claims,Her harp delights, her song inflames,And cheerfully my life I'd giveTo spare the soul, in whom I live.

- L. Young Calais now my heart inspires,And meets my love with mutual fires;Nor twenty deaths my soul would move,So Fate will spare the lad I love.
- H. What if our early flame re-lighted, Bind us more firmly, re-united;Fair Chloe's yoke be rent amain, And Lydia be installed again?
- L. Tho' lovelier than light were he,Thou, fierce and fickle as the sea;Life-long would I to thee be true.And death be welcome—if with you.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens,



### ÜGOLINO'S ॐREAM.

Brieve pertugio, dentro dalla muda,

M' avea mostrato, per lo suo forame, Più lume già, quand' io feci 'l mal sonno, Che del futuro mi squarciò il velame.

DANTE. Inf. c. 33.



IVE long months somewhat had forespent The horror of our prisonment, And we learned to bear the gloom, And tedium of our dungeon room; And fondly watched the scanty ray, That, thro' the window grate, So long had made our night or day, Or as it rose or set: When as, upon my pallet bed, My cold and crampèd limbs I spread, And nature, worn and wearied out, The world and all its woes forgot; A vision o'er my senses crept, That racked my spirit, as I slept; If hell-born, or of Heavenly birth, I know not; it was not of earth.

So dreams the parting spirit, when Heav'n's first ethereal ray Dispels the earthly mists, that screen Futurity from mortal ken, And tears the veil away.

He—that accurséd Prelate, he— That forged from heart of steel, The superhuman treachery, He expiates in Hell— He seemed, to my distracted brain, The feudal lord and suzeraine, St. Julian's solitudes among, Hunting an old wolf, and his young: The dogs he had were gaunt and lean, Crafty, and cruel, in their mien; And I could recognise in those The semblance of my direct foes: The course was short; for worn and spare As the poor wearied victims were, They were an easy prey; Fiercely they rushed on them, and tore Their unresisting limbs, with more Than dog-like cruelty. I seemed to feel their dying pangs, And woke—for every limb Felt riven by their deadly fangs;

So vivid was the dream. It was enough; I slept no more, A cold sweat broke from every pore; And as I watched the grate for day, My little one, that near me lay, Moaned in his sleep; then piteously Cried,—"bread, Oh give me bread—I die." By this time we had all awoke; No voice the unwonted silence broke; For each, in sad solicitude, Watched for the hour they brought us food: It came; we heard them underneath— We heard them doubly lock the door— (It was secure enough before) We heard our knell of death— The grating of the bolt, that gave At once a prison and a grave.

Oh! hast thou tears? hast' ever known
The pang that thrills for other's woe?
Woe, that should melt a heart of stone—
"Then shed them now."
I cast a silent furtive glance
On each despairing countenance,
But wept not; I could yet control
The piercing anguish of my soul;

And e'en the intensity of grief
Forbad the tear, that gives relief:
They wept aloud: and then
My little Anselmuccio
Sobbed out; "What ails? why look you so,
My father? you ne'er used to do:"
Still could I tears restrain.
We spoke not all that day, nor yet
All the long night so woe-beset,
Till morn—who could that morn forget?—
Broke on the world again.

Soon as the genial dawn, that flings
Young joy o'er all created things,
Had shed one faint funereal ray,
O'er this our den of dire dismay;
I marked the parched lip; the eye,
Red with unuttered agony;
The visage of despair;
The heaving breast; the stifled sigh,
Me fruitless pain to spare.
Can heart of marble see, unmoved,
The anguish of a child beloved?
I could have braved the rack; but then
Tore my own flesh for frenzy.
My poor boys, thinking I was tried
By famine pangs, arose and cried;

"Eat us, dear father, take again The flesh thou gavest us; It were a thousand times less pain Than t' see thee hunger thus."

Straight I forbore; abashed to see Their patience a reproof to me; I would not aggravate their pain: So, all that dreadful day again, Mute and unmoved we sat. And now. The red mist on the mountains' brow Gave presage of the fourth sad day; When, from my bosom, where he lay My little Gaddo raised his head and cried; "Canst thou not help us father?"— Then, falling fainting from my side, He stretched him at my feet, and died. Why were not earth's foundations rent To Hades' dark abyss? How less was Korah's punishment! My sin was less than his. Thus on the fifth day, one by one, I saw them fall in deadly swoon. And perish.—And now all distraught, Blind-stricken, fainting, and forlore, I called them—felt them—o'er and o'er; They moved not—answered nought.

Oh Pisa! Pisa! thou'rt the shame, The blot of fair Hesperia's fame: Why sleeps the thirsting sword? or why Slumber the thunders in the sky? Oh why doth Arno's refluent wave, With vengeful flood, forbear To swamp thee in a traitor's grave? All blood-stained as you are! If Ugolino sinned, the price Was Ugolino's sacrifice, One victim might atone: Surely my torture might appease Thy deepest, deadliest enmities; I was the mark; but what could these Poor innocents have done? Their tender age were fit defence To vindicate their innocence. Poor boys: Oh fiend-like butchery! Their blood thy foulest stain will be; And Thebes be fair in fame compared, with thee.



## THE SONG OF MOERIS.

مردي

Huc ades O Galatea; quis est nam ludus in undis? Hic ver purpureum; varios hic flumina circum Fundit humus flores; hic candida populus antro Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites. Huc ades: insani feriant sine littora fluctus. VIR. E. IX.



OME Galatea—leave the sea— What charm have winds and waves for thee? Thy little feet can ill withstand The cutting rocks, and rugged sand. Thou wast not made for scenes like these, Child of the stormy Hebrides; Hesperian suns and citron bowers Thy fairy cradle strewed with flowers.

Come Galatea—nor disdain
The simple pleasures of the plain;
Where shepherd swains beguile the day,
With all the revelry of May.
Here, on his fragrant banks we spread
Our viands, 'neath the poplar shade;
While, murmuring music, soft and slow
Glides on the reedy Mincio.

Here, purple Spring, enrobed in flowers, Leads on the rosy-footed Hours; And Peace, with rural pleasance, reigns— The soft-eyed goddess of the plains. Come Galatea—leave the sea— The rude waves' hoarse monotony, And screaming sea-bird, ill supplies The covert's vernal harmonies.

Here, will we list in shady grot
The love-lorn turtle's melting note;
And drink the balmy summer breeze,
'Neath trellised vines, and orange trees.
Here, watching till the setting sun
Bid the cicada's song be done;
From shady stream, and thymy mead,
Our pretty kids to fold we lead.

Then, Philomel takes up the tale,
Trilling her sweetly-plaintive wail,
Thro' myrtle shades and olive groves,
Where gentle shepherds own their loves.
Come Galatea—ocean's breeze
Wafts no such harmonies as these;
In joys like ours thy soul engage,
And let the ruthless ocean rage.

#### BACCHANALIAN SONG.



RINK; drink; for life is too short to be
Wasted in care, or in trifles employed;
Drink; drink; be as drunk as men ought to be,
Who know life is fleeting, and should be enjoyed.

For what is the world in its rigid propriety?

What can the joys of the anchorite be?

And where is the Lass that would look at sobriety,

Could she see Lads as drunk, and as jolly as we?

Drink; drink; for life is too short to beWasted in care, or in trifles employed;Drink; Drink; be as drunk as men ought to be,Who know life is fleeting, and should be enjoyed.

Think; think; Oh! what will become of us,

If we fail every moment of pleasure to borrow?

Drink; drink; who can tell, but that some of us

May be drinking hot water with Pluto to-morrow?

For drinking can render life's billows a calm sea,
And meet the world's squalls with so placid a smile;
And when we must die—let us do it in Malmsey,
And be toasting the merry old Clarence the while.

Drink; drink; for life is too short to be
Wasted in care, or in trifles employed;
Drink; drink; be as drunk as men ought to be,
Who know life is fleeting, and should be enjoyed.



### THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

### ŠONG.

SET him rest where he fell—he hath earnt him a grave, In the land that is red with the blood of the brave; In that hallowed land, where, by Britain unfurled, The banner of liberty waves o'er the world.

Let him rest where he fell—for no tomb is so blest As the cairn, valor raises o'er Heroes at rest; And no spot is so dear to a country's just pride, As the field, where her bravest have battled and died.

And Britain's fair pilgrims to glory shall shed Tears of pride, o'er the barrows that cover the dead; And shall pluck the wild flowers that grow on his grave, Fair chaplets to weave, for the brows of the brave.

## ŽPIGRAM. ŽROM ŽUSONIUS.

(Repente-divitibus.)

SGATHOCLES the king will ne'er Sup, but off common earthenware, And loads his buffet, and his shelf, With all the cheapest kind of delf: And yet eats tripe off golden dishes; Thus jumbling poverty with riches.

And when the people in surprise
Ask him the reason; he replies;
"Altho' a monarch, am I not a
Descendant of a Tuscan potter?
So use your fortune—when her gales
Waft you home rich from—New South Wales."

Fortunam reverenter habe, quicunque repente Dives ab exilii progrediere loco.

# FROM LUSONIUS.

IDYL XIV.



So soon its fragrance flies;
E'er one short summer day be spent,
It blows, it fades, it dies.

Each rising morn beholds it blooming,
Bright in her rosy rays;
But dank and drooping e'er the gloaming,
It withers and decays.

\* Then pluck it, maiden, as it blows In youth's bright fleeting hour: For recollect—how like the Rose Thou art—a passing flower.

<sup>\*</sup> Collige Virgo rosas, dum flos novus, et nova pubes, Et memor esto ævum sic proparare tuum.

#### ĎAVIÐ'S ŒAMENT.

"And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and Jonathan his son." 2 SAM. i., 17.



OW are the mighty fall'n! the mighty fall'n!
In battle perished on the mountain height,
The beauty of Israel
Is fallen, and the strength.

Oh! tell it not in Gath; proclaim it not, Nor breathe it in the streets of Askelon; Let not the daughters of Th' uncircumcised rejoice.

Ye mountains of Gilboa! ne'er again
The dew of Heav'n bless thy barrenness;
Nor genial shower restore
Thy death-polluted soil.

Ne'er did the bow of Jonathan return Unsated from the battle, and the spoil; Nor e'er the sword of Saul Hath turned back in fight.

Oh! they were very lovely—swift were they As eagles, and as lions in their strength; In life unsevered, they Together sleep in death.

How are the mighty fall'n! Oh Jonathan! How doth my soul lament thee! wonderful Hath been thy love to me, Surpassing woman's love.

Ye Maids of Israel! weep for Jonathan; Weep ye aloud for Saul, who clothed you In scarlet and delights, With ornaments of gold.

How hast thou perished on the hills, my brother!
Fallen, as the anointed not; the might
And glory of Israel:
Fall'n are the sword and spear.

RIZPAH.

A Fragment. 2 SAMUEL XXXI., 10.



Poor childless thing! upon the rock she strewed Her bed of sackcloth, cold and tear bedewed; And wildly watching o'er the mouldering twain, From barley-harvest to the latter rain, The widowed wakeful weeper scared away The wolf by night, the carrion-bird by day.



#### THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

"And it was a custom in Israel that the Daughters of Israel went up yearly to lament the Daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite, four days in the year.

Judges xl., 39, 40.



Αρχείε Σικελικαὶ τῶ πένθευς ἄρχείε Μοῖσαι."

And strike your harps to solemn strains and slow,
The branch of Gilead, all untimely shorn;
The pledge of triumph, but the tale of woe.

The birds sit moping on the tuneless spray,
And all the music of the air is still;
The clouded sun withholds his cheery ray,
And distant echoes sigh from hill to hill.

Weep Ramoth; weep ye Maids of Gilead;
Bestrew with rosemary her maiden bier;
And bid sweet peace unto the lovely dead—
"Passed e'er her prime—and hath not left her peer."

Together oft, by fount or sacred well,
'Neath the tall palms, with song and converse sweet,
Ye whiled the balmy hours till evening fell;
Or joined in dance the pretty twinkling feet.

Of the fair wreath the fairest flower is sped; Embalm her memory with affection's tear, And bid sweet peace unto the lovely dead— "Passed e'er her prime—and hath not left her peer."

Bright was the day, the youthful daughter hailed, With pious joy, a victor-parent's praise; Dark was the hour, a child's embraces veiled, In sable brede, a mourning father's bays.

Was he not spurned from his paternal home,
A son of Gilead, and the first of birth?
Was he not driven in distant land to roam,
An ignominious exile from his hearth?

But there arose in Gilead war and woe;
And th' elders sent to Jephthah, and they said
Come—for thou canst—avenge us on the foe;
And thou shalt be our ruler and our head.

Then Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord,
And Jephthah prayed a prayer for Israel:
And the Lord heard him, and He blessed his sword,
And Gilead triumphed, and fierce Ammon fell.

And as he brought the captive spoil away,

The damsels met him with the dance and song;

Oh wretched man! that he survived the fray;

His only child was foremost in the throng.

What is his triumph now, with none to share?
A hearth bereaved—for other hath he none:
His glory? but the triumph of despair—
A wreath of briar, when the rose is gone.

Mourn ye, mourn ye, Maids of Jewry, mourn,
And touch your harps to solemn strains and slow,
The branch of Gilead, all untimely shorn,
The pledge of triumph, but the tale of woe.

Loved of all hearts, and of all eyes desired, Once was she blythest of your virgin band; Another Miriam, with a soul infired, She touched the timbrel with a master hand. With peerless grace she bore the olive wreath,
And led the dances, fairest of the fair:
Lamb of the altar now—the bride of death—
Her saintly dower a Martyr's sepulchre.

Weave ye the cypress, Maids of Gilead,
Ye fair companions of her pilgrimage;
That shared the mountain cell, the bitter bread,
And dried the tears that wailed her pucelage.

Mourn ye, mourn ye, oft with muffled string,
Your sorrowing harps shall duteous tribute bear;
At seed time, vintage, and at sheep-shearing,
And hoary winter drop an icy tear.

Ye should have wove her hymeneal wreath;
With citron blossom, and fair lilies meet,
You-should have strewn the silky sward beneath,
And led the bridal dance with joyous feet.

Ye should have tuned your harps to merrier strain; That now, with dirge, and deep funereal air, Lead on your slow unsandaled sorrowing train, Unto your Martyr's sainted sepulchre. When genial Nisan, breathing balmy dews,
Wakes Flora from her trance; then violets bring—
Bring vernal tribute of a thousand hues,
And all the fragrant firstlings of the spring.

Bring modest snow-drops, languishing and pale, Sad hyacinth, and pansy tearful-eyed; Narcissus too, that tells a doleful tale, How youthful beauty pined away and died.

Bring lilies meek, that mourn in maiden white;
"And daffodils, that fill their cups with tears;"
The pensive oxlip; and that starlet bright—
Appointed herald of prophetic years.

Mourn for her, when the sultry lion shines,
And the fierce dog-star doth his vigil keep;
And when ripe Autumn binds her brow with vines,
Bring poppies, emblem of eternal sleep.

With every season's tears bedew her pall,
With every season's sweets; old Winter too
Shall bring his amaranthine coronal,
And myrtle sprigs, and waxen-berried yew.

The rose of Sharon doth her petals cast;
And all the glory of the vernal plain
Fall dank and drooping to the wintry blast:
Till Philomela charm them forth again.

But this fair gem, nipped e'er her solstice hour, Sweetest of sweets, may germinate no more; No earthly spring reanimate the flower, No suns may quicken, or no dews restore.

Sleep, lovely blossom of a noble stem!

By blast unblighted, and by storm unstove;

Sleep, Heav'n's bright hostage! earth may ne'er redeem—

First in thy kindreds' and thy country's love.

And long shall Israel's dark-eyed daughters come, With many a chaplet, and with many a tear; While memory lives, and amaranth shall bloom, To deck their maiden Martyr's sepulchre.



#### Ŝ ERENADE.



For souls like ours ne'er were made; And happier isles, and nearer suns, Shall greet us as their kindred ones.

Oh fly; the inspired cuckoo flies To fairer fields, and calmer skies; And Progne tells us, as she twitters, Ungenial skies but ill befit us.

Last night, the glowing sunset taught us, That path of gold, o'er western waters; Where spirits dwell, that sympathize With melting hearts, and beaming eyes: There we'll repose in citron shades, While love-birds sing thee serenades; Where custard-fruits, and guavas grow, And water melons trail below.

Where distant echoes, soft and clear, Of syrens' songs, shall charm thine ear; And fire-flies light us, as we rove, At night-fall, the banana grove.

Stay not—the weary moon is waning; Heed not the nightingale complaining; Full twenty stalwart rowers wait To waft thee o'er the briny strait.



### WEN WORME'S BAMENT.



After the old Gaelic Ballad.



Thro' nights of watching, days of anguish;
Weary, despairing, worn with care,
Forsa'en—as all the wretched are:
Oh where's the Leech can charm away
The pangs, I suffer day by day?

I've herds of kine, as white as milk. I've flocks, with fleeces soft as silk; The spoil of many a border raid, That erst the churlish Saxon paid: I'd give them all, once more to be Restored, Oh joyous health, to thee.

Had I \* Mannallan's trumpet, or
The horn and sword \* Mc Cumhuil wore;
Did I possess \* Cuchullin's quiver,
\* Eireamon's lance, or bow of Evir:
All—all I'd give, once more to be
Restored, Oh blissful health, to thee.

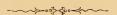
Or \*Curcheoil's mystic harp, that flung Enchantment over all he sung; That calmed the anguish, soothed the smart Of wounded limb, or aching heart: I'd give them all—all—all to be Restored, most blessed health, to thee.



<sup>\*</sup> Allusions to ancient traditions now lost to Celtic romance.

## ÇHE ÇINE OF ŞIBMAH.

JER. xlvii., 32.



Thou Heshbon, mourn O Zoar;
Her fruits are on the briny deep,
And all her glory's o'er.

The spoiler came, upon a day—
The unrelenting one;
Tore all her goodly grapes away,
And trod her vineyards down.

Upon a day, the spoiler came,
And wrecked, in ruthless hate,
Thy pleasant fields, Oh! Moronaim,
And left thee desolate.

Weep for the Vine of Sibmah; weep— Her vintage songs are o'er: Her treasures all are o'er the deep, And she will shout no more.

#### ҈ВЯОМ ДЕТRARCH.

-1300 October

To the Spirit of Cola de Rienzi.

CANZONE VI.



The limbs of One, in this his pilgrimage,
Who, all so prudent, valorous, and sage,
Hath e'en accomplished that illustrious fate,
That wields the sword, and destinies of Rome;
And from base wandering dost recall her home.
Thee I adjure! nor otherwhere I find
One spark of ancient virtue left behind;
Nor even one, that blushes for her doom.
What hope, what fears, her restless soul impel?
Since to her bane she is insensible:

Old, doting, imbecile; Yet slumbers she? will none her torpor scare? Oh! that I had her grappled by the hair. Call as I may, I scarcely hope to see

Her rouse her from her gross stolidity,

So sore is she, so grievously oppressed.

But fate commits our sovereign Rome to thee,

To rouse her—shake her, from her lethargy:

Grasp—firmly grasp, her venerable crest;

Grasp all her scattered tresses, as they flow,

And drag the wallowing sluggard from the slough.

Yet, day and night, her dire disgrace I mourn;

To thee, my fairest, dearest hope I turn;

For should these sons of Mars, this noble race,

E'er fix their earnest gaze,

On the bright honor, once their name did grace;

On thee would fall the glory—and thy days.

These walls of eld—that still the world reveres, And loves for memory; yet in memory fears The sterner virtues of her olden name; These stones—their honored ashes that entomb, Whose bays shall flourish in eternal bloom, Till drivelling nature totter to her fall, And in one general ruin whelm them all; To thee they look to vindicate their fame. Oh glorious Scipio's! Brutus' patriot name! Some Sybil voice shall to your shades proclaim

That power has fall'n to honest hands at last:
Fabricius aghast
Will scarce his marv'ling extasy contain,
And cry—"my Rome shall be herself again."

If spirits in Heav'n, that erst this coil of clay
Have long foregone, bear yet solicitude
For earth, and earthly things; to thee they pray
To terminate this suicidal feud,
Whence every thing, e'en life is insecure;
E'en access to our very homes unsure,
Their sanctity defiled by bloody raid;
And, as a bandit's den, by riot made
Ináccessible, only to the good:
Our very shrines and monuments we see
Pollute and desecrate by deeds of blood.

Ah! other days may be,
And freedom's arm the tocsin yet may raise;
Hung nearest Heav'n—the better Heav'n to praise.

The weeping women, and the young, unmeet For toil of war, the aged and effete, Lament their hateful too-protracted fate: The Friars of all orders and degrees,
And all their wretched confraternities,
Cry "help, great sir, O help us— save the state."
And miserable down-trod poverty
Reveals her thousand thousand wounds to thee,
That Hannibal would e'en commiserate.
Mark well the holy Church; now all aflame;
Of those high fire-brands, that disgrace her name,
Quench thou but two or three—
Their mighty animosities will cease,
And Heaven bless thy pious services.

Bears, lions, wolves, serpents, and birds of prey
On that great column all their spite display;
Yet does their malice oftentimes recoil:
Our noble dame, who wails her wretched fate—
Roma—adjures thee to exterminate
Those noisome weeds, ill-fruitful in her soil.
Full twice five hundred suns have rolled, sithence
Those lofty spirits from her bosom sped,
That raised her to her glory's eminence;
And a proud race of upstarts, in their stead,
Have risen; unworthy such a mother!—thou
Her only father now—

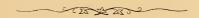
To you she looks for succour—but to you— Her holier Father's other things to do. It rarely chances, that malignant fate
Thwart not the efforts of the good and great,
Or Fortune smile on her illustrious sons:
But, since she cleared the path you entered in,
We'll e'en forgive her many a minor sin,
Be she but inconsistent for the nonce:
For in the hist'ry of the world, ne'er once
To mortal man was given, as now to thee,
To reap so glorious immortality;
For thou'rt enabled, if we rightly ken,
To constitute the noblest monarchy.

How wilt thou glory then
To cry—"They helped her in her youth and power,
I saved the Dotard, in her dying hour."



# LALJATŽ LALJATŽ

From V. Filicaia.



ITALY! Italy! whom invidious fate, In making thee so fair, hath laid so low; That deadly guerdon, giv'n in treacherous hate, Hath on thy frontlet graven endless woe.

O! hadst thou been less beautiful! more strong; So had they feared thee more, or loved thee less; Who basking all luxuriously among Thy vineyards, stabbed thee in their wantonness.

Then, hadst thou ne'er beheld barbarian swords, Like torrents, rushing down thine Alpine snow, To deluge thy fair fields; or Gallic hordes To drain the blood-stained waters of the Po.

Then, had thy sons ne'er seen thee, Italy,
Commit thy cause to mercenary glave;
And girt in arms, were never made for thee,
Victor or victim—still to be a slave.

#### °Ç⊖₩₽ER'S ∰HSH.

O matutini rores auræque salubres!

Works., v. 2.

And health-bearing gales!

Ye streamlets! adorning
Your grass-laden vales.
Ye coverts and glades;
And ye hills ever-green!
How dear are the shades
Of your valleys serene!

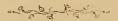
Could fate but assent
To my fondest desires,
And recall the days spent
In the home of my sires;
Remote from the cares
Of the world, and its ways,
From the fears, and the snares,
Of degenerate days.

Oh! how cheerily there,
All unknown and forgot,
Could I live! happy heir
Of my own little cot—
My long-loved heritage;
And content and repose
Bring a happy old age,
To a happier close.

And when my days lapse,
And I hail the event;
Tho' but few, and perhaps
Not unhappily spent:
No tale-telling stone
Shall encumber my breast,
But a green sward alone
Shew a pilgrim at rest.



# SOLOMON'S SONG.



Uncheery winter's past;

New flowers are springing every day,

And the rain is gone at last.

Now burst the vines their ruby eyes, And fragrant bloom display; And figs are budding forth; arise, My fair one, come away.

The turtle's cooing, soft and sweet,
Among the palmy groves;
And choirs of little songsters greet
The season of their loves.

Come, let us go into the fields,

To feed the little fawn;
A pleasant smell the mandrake yields,

And sweet the breath of morn.

Behold, thou art all fair, my love! Behold, thou art all fair; E'en as the circling moon above, And lilies, dropping myrrh.

Thou art mine own unsullied one;

More comely for to see,

Than flocks, new washed on Lebanon;

There is no spot in thee.

Awake thee; ope thy dove-like eyes, To bless the dawn of day; From beds of kindred lilies, rise, My fair one, come away.

I'll set my seal upon thy heart, Upon thy brow a wreath; Nor oceans shall our love dispart, For love is strong as death.



### ROM RETRARCH.

SON. CXVI.

Petrarch planted a LAUREL (Laura) on the bank of the Sorque, that irrigated the garden of his residence, in the beautiful Valley of Vaucluse. Beside this stream, and in the shade of this Laurel, he found repose; where every thing recalled the memory and image of Laura.

----

OT all fair Arno, Tiber, or Garonne, Euphrates, Tigris, Ganges, or the Don; No, not the Danube, Indus, Po, or Rhine, Nile, Ebro, Rhone, Alpheus, or the Seine:

Not all the pines, beech, firs, or junipers, Can slack the flame this wretched bosom bears, Like one dear stream, that murmurs to my sigh; One shrub—that e'er inspires my poesy.

This only armour, in love's savage strife,
This only succour have I, for a life
Now wending in such giant strides along:
So grow the *Laurel* in her cooling glade,
And the poor planter sit in her sweet shade,
And to the water's music, vent all his soul in song.

## ON BOVE DIVINE.



From Vittoria Colonna. Son. xxviii.

And concentrate my soul, to feast above
On Angel-voices, and sweet communings;
Where perfect peace consorts with perfect love.

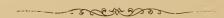
There is a spiritual air, that plays On living heart-strings, with a breath divine; That, to one end, all chord and discord sways, So in eternal concord all combine.

Love, the precentor of the soul, inspires The varying cadence, regulates the tone, And keeps each instrument in unison; And modulating on each chord and key, Gives passing sweetness to the harmony: 'Tis this the wise composer e'er desires.

# SONNET ON SANTE.



By Michael Angelo Buonarroti.



POWN, from the world, into the dark profound. He went, and either limbus visited;
Thence, on the wings of genius, Heav'nward bound. Rose, and on earth, unearthly radiance shed.

He was a burning star; his light indeed Th' eternal mysteries of th' abyss reveal'd; And of a treacherous world he reaped *that* meed, It doth so oft its choicest spirits yield.

Ill was he understood; his patriot sighs
Ne'er met his graceless country's sympathies,
That, to the righteous only, are denied.
Oh! were I such! his lot would I prefer—
Spurned from his country's love, for loving her—
To every worldly good: nay, all the world beside.

### ÃO THE SKYLARK.

Hark-hark-the Lark at Heaven's gate sings.



Grace this nether sphere;
Or a purer leaven
Mark one creature here;
Sure minstrel's harp or poet's lay
May hail thee—chorister of day!

On Parnassian mountain
Bred, or mystic grove;
Or by sacred fountain
Th' Aonian muses love;
Didst' first thy downy wings essay,
To emulate the God of day.

Nymph of light and glory!
Raise thine orison—
Tell thy joyous story
To the waking sun—
And chase the nightingale away,
Too sadly sweet for garish day:

Tell her; care is folly
To a world so young;
Night and melancholy
Suit the pensive tongue:
And let thy grateful matins rise,
Sweet denizen of Paradise!

Leave thy nest of clay, to
Commune with the skies:
As the soul of Plato,
Rapt to ecstasies,
Soared o'er the narrow bounds, that fence
The span of man's intelligence.

Oft we see thee soaring
Thro' the noon-day beam;
Songs of rapture pouring,
As a silver stream;
While peasants stay their toil, to see
Their cynosure of melody.

Still, and still ascending,
Trilling as thou go'st,
Till, with ether blending,
Thou'rt in ether lost;
And every marv'ling ear's intent
On strains mysterious—Scraph-sent.

Loved of the Immortals!
Thy sweet palinodes
Serenade the portals
Of the blest abodes;
As wont his ancient song to pour,
At castle gate, the Troubadour.

As Castilian lover,
Or Arcadian wight,
'Neath the deep blue cover
Of the starless night,
Unseen, at beauty's bower appealed
To soft confession—blush-revealed.

Art thou sylph or sprite?

Handmaid of the sun?

Or nymph, the sons of light
Rapt from Helicon?

To fill the measure of their bliss,
With thine harmonious ecstasies.

As a soul, unshrouded
From terrestrial clay,
'Mid the spheres unclouded,
Hails eternal day;
Say, can thy little mortal eyes
Unveil celestial mysteries?

Looking down undazéd
On the levin flash;
Hearing unamazéd
Th' awful thunder crash;
That seem involving all beneath
In one vast holocaust of death.

Hast thou heard the choirs
Of the starry pole?
Or the planet fires
Chanting as they roll?
And sipped the dewy bow on high,
That spans the azure canopy?

Whence to earthward flinging
Rhapsodies of love—
Strains, of Angels' singing,
Thou hast heard above:
Such music thrills the welkin thro',
That Gods might love to listen to.

What is man's aspiring
At ambition's shrine?
Is it worth desiring,
When compared with thine?
Full many a hoary votary
Of earth would fain exchange with thee.

Would his base, and blinded
Heart be taught by thee;
Oh! how humble-minded
Would the proudest be;
Reviewing, thro' thy mistless eyes,
The world, and all its vanities.

Darksome, and uncheery,

The bourn of human ken;
Earth-bound, worn and weary,
Three score years and ten,
The soul—all fettered and depressed,
And yearning for her tardy rest—

Hails thee—little fairy!
Type of coming things:
And, in spirit, airy
With unwonted wings,
Springs forth with thee, from earthly lair,
To meet the sun in middle air.

#### THE KINNET.

-:<®>>>~C°€<-

An Idyl. After Gabriel Rossetti.



O'er fading wood and weald,
As Elpin to Glycera
Came skipping from afield;
He found a snare, and in it
A poor entangled linnet;
So loosed the prisoner
And fondly brought it her.

The damsel was enchanted, She pressed it to her cheek, Caressed it as it panted, And kissed its little beak: And said, run, dear Elpin, For a cage to put it in; Poor little thing! Oh go, Its heart is beating so. When presently they heard The melancholy note, Of some poor lonely bird, That was fluttering about; The linnet knew the cry, And responded piteously; For 'twas her faithful mate, Bemoaning o'er her fate.

Glycera understood
The purport of the ditty;
How she, as best she could,
Was moving her to pity;
And hanging down her head,
She to her shepherd said;
Elpin, what would ye do
If I were ta'en from you?

Poor Elpin wept, forsooth, And she, with tear in eye, Unlocked her hand for ruth, And let the captive fly: And when so' Elpin heard The song o' the grateful bird, He envied not their bliss; But thought the more of his.

### THE ROBIN.

Vago augeletto che cantando vai.

PETE

HEN winter, chill and lonely,
All summer's joy has reft;
And of Autumn's treasure, only
The holly-berry 's left.
The birds flock to the hawthorn hedge;
And little robin comes,
And sits upon the window ledge,
To carol for his crumbs.

His plumage ruffled; and his lay
Has lost its merry tone,
And pines for summer passed away,
All mateless and alone.
Poor little bird! no covert now
The leafless brake can yield thee,
And scarce the rime-bespangled bough
From wintry blast can shield thee.

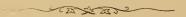
Come, nestle in this bosom, there
Thy little woes make known;
They'll find a heart as full of care,
As lonesome as thine own.
A winter-stricken spirit, that
Can sympathize with thee,
Chill—homeless—and disconsolate,
As ever thou canst be.

Like thee, my earthly summer's gone,
Life's sunshine fades apace;
And ruthless winter presses on
My few declining days;
Like thee, my little nestlings flown,
My nest's forsa'en, and I
Am left deserted and alone,
In solitude to die.

Yet thou perchance, thy mate may'st see,
When winter's passed away;
Each summer's a new life to thee,
New youth returning May.
Then shalt' resume thy merry note,
And all thy woes resign;
And envy not man's prouder lot,
When he should envy thine.

## TO ANACREON'S DOVE.

FROM ANACREON. ODE IX.



I never read anything in the Greek language I liked so well.

SAML. JOHNSON.

-maggara

HENCE, pretty dove, Oh whence,
And whither art thou winging?
Celestial incense
From airy regions flinging,
What art? what wouldest thou?
Such fragrance earthward bringing.

Anacreon sent me to
Bathyllus, bright and young,
He—the courtier, who
Hath praise on every tongue:
For Venus sold me to him,
For a little song he sung.

And I may not refuse

His messenger to be,
So I carry billets doux

For Anacreon, you see:

And he tells me, if I'm faithful That he'll set me free.

But tho' he grant it me,
I ne'er would go—not I,
What better should I be,
O'er hill and dale to fly?
And sit on trees to eat
Coarse stuff the woods supply?

From Anacreon's own hand,
Now, I eat his bread;
On his own cup I stand,
And sip his wine; and spread
My wings, to dance with him,
And shade his reverend head.

Then—on his lyre of gold,
Straightway to roost I go.
So there's my story told:
Stranger, avaunt— for know,
Thou'st even made me more
Loquacious than a crow.

#### ŽESBIA'S SPARROW.

From Catullus.

- ces

EEP Cytharœa, weep ye little loves,

And weep ye all that's amiable in man;

For Lesbia's sparrow's dead; the sparrow Lesbia loved.

More than the apple of her eye she loved it;
And it was well deserving of her love,
And knew his mistress, as a child its mother knows.

He never left her bosom willingly,
But here and there hopped playfully about;
And then he chirped for joy; but chirped to her alone.

But now—he flits along that murky way,
Whence none may e'er return: Oh fie on ye!
Fie on ye! dusky shades of all-devouring death.

For ye have ta'en so sweet a sparrow from her;
Poor little sparrow! 'twas a cursed deed,
And Lesbia's swollen eyes are red with weeping for't.

#### REACE TO THE RAND.



Peace to the souls of the Heroes. Ossian.

EACE to the land where th' heroes rest,

By all their grateful country blest;

Light lie the earth, and the sweet showers

Of Heaven deck their grave with flowers.

All meteor-lit their herse shall be, Heav'n's purple arch their canopy; And every golden eyelet there Weep incense on their sepulchre.

And, Memnon-like, the vocal stones Chant nænian measures o'er their bones, To strains, by soft Æolian airs, Elf-harped on strings of gossamers. So sweet, the flowers that o'er them spring Bear impress of their issuing; A saintly origin they plead, And honor claims them as her meed.

What the in brighter climes than ours Grow greener blade, and fairer flowers; In dust of Britain's sons they're fed, By blood of heroes nurturéd.

And must that blood be shed in vain, Where Juggernaut and Bramah reign, And dark infatuation ban Thy sun's own realms? oh Hindustan!

Yes, land of Ind, fell treachery
Hath stamped her blood-red brand on thee;
The snake and tiger make their lair,
But not the generous lion there.

The freedom's rod awhile may gem, There's yet a canker in the stem— In hearts, unworthy to be free, By nature formed for slavery.



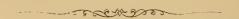
FROM ANACREON. ODE XX



SAIR Niobe, in days of yore, Stood a stark stone on Phrygian shore; The daughter of Pandion too Assumed a swallow's wings, and flew. Oh! that I might thy mirror be, That thou should'st always look on me; I'd be thy garment, to be blest By ever hanging on thy breast; I'd be the water in the basin, That thou dost dip thy pretty face in; Some sweet cosmetic would I be, Dear lady, to be used by thee; Some pendant pearl, thy breast to deck, My arms the chain, about thy neck: Nay—but I'd be thy very shoe, E'en to be trod upon by you.

## WE HAVE SAID THEE TO REST.

Her Sun has gone down while it was yet day. JER. XV., 9.



E have laid thee to rest; and the grave's o'er thee closing; We have wept o'er thee, blessed thee, and silent the knell; In the home of thy peace have we left thee reposing; And, with one parting look, we have sobbed a farewell.

We have laid thee with all that are dear to thee sleeping: And soft be thy slumber—tho' our's be oppressed— Where the pale midnight moon her lone vigil is keeping, O'er the cell, where for ages thy forefathers rest.

Art thou gone? Oh! 'tis long e'er belief shall o'ertake thee; Yet dark is the chamber, thy voice in our ears; The light step—the whisper—yet fear to awake thee, And the couch of thine anguish is wet with our tears.

Together in joy, and together in sorrow, In boyhood, in manhood, from birth to the tomb, Unsevered as yet have we lived; but to-morrow Shall dawn on a dreary and desolate home.

Tho' years may allay, or oblivion soothe, Tho' cares may encumber, new ties may engage; Yet mem'ry, that gilds the fair visions of youth, Shall cast a long gloom o'er the shadows of age.

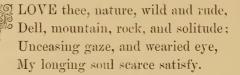
And the shadows will lengthen, till dark be the sun, And night's sable pall o'er creation be tost, But morn, from the regions of light, shall return, And restore us at length to the loved, and the lost.

As, from life's pleasant valleys, the Palmer ascending, From station to station, more steep and distressed; On turning the cold rugged crag, at its ending, Shall behold the fair mansions of sunshine and rest.

Too early, thy noon-day has set in the waters; Too early, thy star has its place in the sky; Thy years yet unripe—but in living have taught us To live; and in death, thou hast taught us to die.

FOUR SONNETS, BY VINCENZIO FILICAIA.

Sonnet 1.—Villegiatura de Primavara.



I love thy sprouting herbs, and flowers, Thy teeming woods, and budding bowers; Cool streams, that wind thro' dewy glade, And mirror all the verdant shade.

There, would I life's last days possess, In meditative loneliness; And weed this wicked heart of mine, From the rank growth that thrives therein.

And, while my story drear and dark, I'grave upon the beech-tree bark; My tears the morning dew shall be, Grief, all that germinates in me.





HEN the fierce dog-star rides on high,
And herb and verdure parch and die;
I hie me from his torrid sheen,
To shady groves of evergreen.

And Sol, who sheds his golden flood On all, save me and solitude, Cares not to look on such an one, Or looks disdain, and passes on.

Not so man's cruel destiny; He marks us with unwearied eye; And groves of green frail shelter yield, From his unerring shaft to shield.

A marksman so expert is he, To harass poor mortality; That be his aim from far or near, His deadly arrows never err.

Sonnet 3.- Villegiatura d' Antunno.

THE golden vine, like fruitful spouse,
Flings round the elm her laden boughs;
And twining her fond tendril shoots,
Fills all his bosom with her fruits.

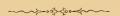
Now every tree rich produce gives, No longer bloom, and barren leaves; And, with a bounteous welcome, greets, Inviting all to taste her sweets.

But years and seasons, rolling on, Bring me one fruit, and only one— Regret, for seasons spent in vain, With shame and sorrow in its train.

And the my wounded spirit weaves His wreath, with flowers enough, and leaves; Yet Autumn, the to all it come, Brings not to me a harvest-home.



Sonnet 4 .-- Villegiatura de Verno.



HE year at last's grown grey and old,
His driv'ling beard is icy cold;
Severe and rugged is his brow,
And furrowed all his cheek below.

I see him—and in wonder lost Feel stricken; while a sudden frost Silvers my golden hair with rime, And seems to change me, e'er my time.

And, as my last dread hour draws on, I view my past acts, one by one; The volume of my life unroll, And sit in judgement on my soul.

No pleasures now my heart elate; But time, age, season, aggravate Each fault, unseasonably done; For one condemns us; tho' but one.

## SONG OF THE CAPTIVE OF ZION.

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, Oh Zion. Ps. 137.

The West hought upon Judeh's feir daughters

We thought upon Judah's fair daughters, And the land where the palm-trees grow.

And we thought on thee, widow of Zion! The days of thy beauty are flown; All bounden in fetters and iron, Thy children are captive and gone.

"The joy of the earth" is departed,
They have spoiled the olive and vine;
Who shall comfort thee, poor broken-hearted—
Was ever there sorrow like thine?

"Wake the song; and bring hither the lute, For," they said, "ye are weary with woe." When the chords of affliction are mute, Shall we wake them to bondage? Ah no.

They are hanging unstrung on the trees, Upon Shinar's disconsolate sand; They have sung the Lord's song—and must cease The sweet strain, in an infidel land.

Oh! Salem! if e'er I forget
The bliss of thy sacred bowers;
Tho' the sun of thy glory be set,
And the stranger exult on thy towers.

If I love thee not, Zion, o'er all That the Princes of earth can decree; May the meed of ingratitude fall On a heart, so unworthy of thee.

A curse on thy gorgeous palaces, Oh Babylon! queen of the earth; On thy revels, and golden chalices, That o'erflow with thy measure of wrath. The warrior sons of thy pride Shall rot, on thy blood-sodden shore; Nor ever the voice of the bride Shall be heard in thy halls any more.

For thy pomp is gone down to the grave, And the noise of thy viols is past; And the standard of vengeance shall wave O'er the groves of thine idols, at last.

But the Lord shall remember His fold, Nor His anger for ever shall burn; And Jordan divide, as of old, To welcome His people's return.

And Judah shall rise, like a lion From the lair of his resting, as erst; And our harps shall be sounding in Zion, When thou liest low in the dust.



# ON THE BANK OF A STREAM.

ŜONG.

N the bank of a stream where the violet blows, Young Beauty reposed in the shade; And the bees sang a lullaby, up in the boughs, That were blossoming over her head.

She marked not the blossoms, their glory how brief,
How they fell, but the flower of a day;
Nor wist she the bee was a foraging thief,
That was stealing the honey away.

The Zephyrs were wooing the flowers, as she lay
In the freshness and fragrance of morn;
But she recked not the Zephyrs were bearing away
The sweets, that would never return.

The sparkling waters, deliciously clear,
Like pleasure's hour, merrily flow;
And the murmuring music was soothing to hear,
As they danced o'er the pebbles below.

But she wot not the hours fled as fast as the water,
Too soon to be gulphed in the seas;
Nor giddily marked she the lesson it taught her,
That at sunset its brightness would cease;

That, as blossoms will perish, so beauty will do;
And that flowers and their fragrance decay;
That the bees, and the Zephyrs no longer will woo,
When the honey they seek is away.



## фо фрнемега.

( The May-fly.)



Έπάμεροι. τ'ι δε' τις; τί δ' ο"υ τις; Σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωποι. PIND.

DAUGHTER of merry May!
Nature's sweet holiday,
Nymphs of the river thy cradle have spun:
Iris, with golden hair,
Hails thee her sister fair,
Creature of ether, and child of the sun!

Sprung of the silver stream,
Nursed in the solar beam,
Golden-eyed lilies attend on thy birth;
All the sweet water flowers,
Weaving thy natal bowers,
Lend thee their odours to waft thee to earth.

Beautiful heir of spring!
Sylph of the silken wing,
Light as the Zephyr thou floatest upon;
Sure, of no mortal braid
Nature thy tissue made;
E'er the earth sully thee, vanished and gone.

Born to the dawning day,
Fall'n with his setting ray;
One sun affords thee all life can delight:
Joyous indeed the lot
Age and care trouble not;
Sorrow that knows not, or darkness, or night.

Winging thy way on high,
Thro' the gay sunny sky,
In the bright precinct of glorious day:
How dost thou look on thy
Slough of mortality!
Freed, as a spirit, from prison of clay.

Mark! how the living stream
Dance in the sunny beam;
Made but for joy, as the children of day:
Earth, air, and sea are rife,
Teeming, with happy life;
Each in its order to other a prey.

Such is the destiny
Wisdom allots to thee;
Painless, and passionless, careless withal:
God-sent to multiply
Nature's felicity;
Living to bliss; to give life in thy fall.

Sporting in balmy air,
Scorning a world of care,
Seizing the radiant hour as it flies:
Till the lythe swallow come,
Seize thee, and bear thee home,
Swift to her nestling a delicate prize.

What were long years to thee
Emblem of purity?

Nearer the fountain the sweeter the stream:
Where is the—what is the
Boast of humanity?

Shade of a shadow—the voice of a dream.

Man in his vanity
Spurns at thee, little fly:
Is his sun—is his day brighter than thine?
Could but his clouded sense
Span thy magnificence,
How would he marvel at wisdom divine!

Could he but say, with thee:

"He, that created me,

Gave me—what more could he?—light, life and joy:

Gave me—on airy wings,

Soaring o'er earthy things,

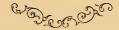
Blameless to live, and unsullied to die."

Youth! what an age to thee
Life is—eternity!
Hope, with all joyance unending beset:
Ask what the aged say:
Sped—as a little day—
Joyless and profitless, grief and regret.



## TO THE CHCADA.

From Anacreon. Ode lxiii.



HRICE happy thing! that sips The dew's ambrosial drop; And merrily sing, Like a sylvan king, Throned on the greenwood top.

For all the world is thine, Whate'er thine eyes can see; Whate'er the woods, And fields and floods Can give, 'tis all for thee.

The swains, and rustic maids Delight to hear thy call; No injury They fear from thee, For thou'rt the friend of all.

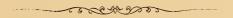
Sweet chorister of spring!
The rural muses court thee:
And in the groves,
Apollo loves
To hear the lay, he taught thee.

Sweet songster! never doomed
In pain and age to pine;
Bloodless and airy,
As little fairy,
Thou art almost divine.



# DEATH OF TEOCLES AND POLYNICES.

FROM EURIPIDES. PH. 1456.



Jocasta, their mother, with her daughter Antigone, arrive at the moment her two sons are struck down by mutual wounds, in single combat.

2HEN shrieked Jocasta—"Oh my sons! my sons! Late have I come—too late to succour ye." And falling down beside them, wept aloud-Wept her vain cares, and fond anxieties, For those she long had cherished at her breast: And cried their sister too, Antigone; "Oh sole support of our poor mother's age! My dearest, dearest brothers! have ye thus My marriage hopes so wantonly destroyed?" From his deep breast Prince Eteocles drew One lab'ring breath, and heard, and knew his mother; And, laying his cold clammy hand on hers, Spake not articulate words; but in his eyes The welling tears bespake his tenderness. But Polynice, yet breathing, turned his eyes, And seeing his fair sister at his side,

And his age-stricken mother, thus addressed them: "We perish mother: but for thee—and this My sister, deep compassion wrings my heart; And for my brother too, thus dying by me: We to each other once were very dear— But he became my foe—yet still I love him. Bury me mother, thou that gav'st me life, And thou my sister, in my native land; Aud soothe the rancour of the citizens: That I may yet possess some little spot In this my country, tho' I've lost the crown. With thine own hand, my mother, close these eyes:" (Then took her hand and laid it on his eyes) "Farewell; e'en now the light is failing me:" And both together sighed their lives away. When thus Jocasta saw what had befallen: O'erborn by all the ecstacy of grief, She snatched a falchion from the dead man's hand, And did a deed of horror: thro' her heart She thrust the fatal steel—and, dying, fell On all the world had dearest to her soul; Grasping them both, in one long last embrace.

CHORUS, Æsc. s. T. 924.

SEM. 1. Ill-fated o'er all women, who the name Of mother bear, was she who gave them birth: She her own offspring took to be her spouse, And to him bare these twain; who thus have fallen By mutual wounds of fratricidal hands.

Sem. 2. Brothers indeed were they, and utterly Foredone by their unhappy differences,
In frantic contest terminate their strife.

SEM. 1. Now is their wrath allayed; and their hearts' blood
In the red reeking earth together flows:
Kindred in blood they are, in very sooth.
A bitter arbiter is foreign steel,
Keen-edged, and from the glowing anvil sent,
To settle differences, and to divide
Inheritance; an umpire fierce indeed
The God of battles, bringing on their heads
The consummation of their Father's curse.

SEM. 2. The Gods send troubles; and they have their share; Unhappy youths! for now beneath their cairn Lies all their territory—all their wealth.

Alas! they cherished in their palaces
The budding bloom of woe; and in their fall—
The last and utter ruin of their house—
Their Father's curse triumphant shrieked for joy.

Atè hath raised her trophy at the gate,
Whereat they fought and fell: and having grasped
Both in her fatal clutch—the demon sleeps.

### EPIGRAM.

TO Mme. B.



Was Bora's spouse.—why so?

Is she so very lovely then?

Oh no. Good tempered?—no.

Was she so excellent a wife?
No—none of these. Then why?
Because when Fate prolonged her life,
He had the luck to die.

#### DO. FROM MARTIALIS.

Adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema. Hor.

You tell me no authors will do
But the ancients, Eliza, for you;
And that nought would induce you to read
A Poet till after he's dead:
Then excuse me—it's hardly worth trying
To please you, Eliza—by dying.

## WHEN THE SHADOWS.

The dull the close of life, and far away Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day; Yet o'er her lovely hopes that once were dear, The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe, With milder griefs, her aged eye shall fill. And weep their falsehood, the she love them still.

Campbell, P. H.



THEN the shadows of evening fall,

And the agéd eye's closing in night;

When the shafts of infirmity gall,

And the world may no longer delight;

The lorn spirit turns from the wrack
Of all, to humanity dear;
To the bright fields, that welcome it back
To sunshine unsmirched with a tear.

To the homes of young pleasure and peace, Where health spread her halcyon wing; And the world was an Eden of bliss, That smiled in perpetual spring. So deep and so dear the affection,
The scenes of our childhood impart;
That each spot has *some* fond recollection,
Each tree has its place in the heart.

And, as visions and voices that float
On the ocean of memory's prime,
They are heard in the wood-pigeon's note,
They are seen in the blossoming lime.

They are images, cherished in tears
Of regret, the man looks for in vain;
A confiding affection—that years
And experience know not again.

But Hope, the blithe minstrel of youth,
Spurned the melodies infancy sung;
And he sang his wild strains—but forsooth
Was his lyre by a Syren strung.

To the winds his fair tresses he flung, And his beaming eyes Heavenward bent, Such honied strains fell from his tongue, That the agéd e'en paused, as they went. And he sang of fields, mountains, and bowers;
All that pleasure to manhood endears—
Of laughter, and light-hearted hours—
But he sang not of travail and tears.

How, incited by fancy's bright form,
We build on the sand, for a day;
Till reality, stern as the storm,
Come and sweep the fair fabric away.

And fond anticipation take wing,
And fairy dreams perish, as fast
As the balm-breathing blossom of spring,
In the withering easterly blast.

And anon shall the traveller know

The miráge of the morning deceives;

When he learns, in the volume of woe,

The sad lesson experience gives.

For the triumph of life, and its glory,
All the pleasure and pomp that ensnare,
But point to the moralist's story,
To teach us how little they are.

How vain is each young aspiration,
So tardily lingering on—
The charm is but participation
With those that we love—they are gone.

For life, and its perishing joys,
Are the sport of the passing hour;
Not a stroke of the scythe, but destroys
Some cherished and lovely flower—

That has fall'n, as an unwithered leaf
In a midsummer shower—scarce won
E'er we loose it—as bright and as brief,
As the flash of the funeral gun.

And feeble and faint is the spark
That illumines the close of our days;
As the landscape is fading and dark,
In the setting sun's evening haze.

And the shadowy night-stars, that loom
Thro' the gaud and the grandeur of eve;
Betoken but darkness to come
On the wreaths, that the confident weave;

So the memory of those, that awaken Sweet visions of love's early day— That have finished their course, and have taken The life of existence away—

But teaches how frail and how fleet
Are the ties that the ling'rer detain:
Traitor hope—and the faltering feet
That are passing, but come not again.

Oh Hope! thou'rt a goodly deceiver, That cheat us of half of our pain; But Cassandra shall find a believer, Or ever I trust thee again.

Once only thou ne'er mayst belie,

Nor man and his destiny sever;

For humanity's boon is to die,

And once—find a refuge for ever.

And we hail it—the herald of peace;
Proclaiming, "our warfare is o'er:"
That life's sighs and sorrows shall cease,
And that hope shall delude us no more.

# Çupio's Çurse.

A Madrigal. After Giambatista Guarini.



Amid his loved Idalian bowers,
And seeking honey, tree by tree,
Was wounded by an angry bee.
In pain and spite the flower he nips,
And flung the sap on rosy lips;
On rosy lips—as roses red—
And then, to lips of roses said:
Avaunt ye! all-deceptive band,
Go—make the circuit of the land.
And whosoe'er those lips shall kiss,
(And who will not where woman is?)

He too shall feel the smart:
For when the honied bane he sips
'T shall be, as nectar to his lips;
A dagger to his heart.

## ҈®́не ∲gose.

A Madrigal. After Giambatista Guarini.



When once she met him on the lea,
A rose—it was a lovely one,
It scarcely seemed of earthly tree.

And giving it, the crimson hue
O'er her fair cheek so warmly glows;
The shepherd swore he hardly knew
The blushing maiden, from the rose.

And answering her, in amorous sighs,
"Ah! I were blest indeed"—he said:
"Could I find favour in those eyes,
To grant the sister-flower instead."

#### ROM RETRARCH.

SONNET XXVIII.

He resolves to fly society, in the hope of concealing, or caring, his too apparent love for Laura, but seems to doubt his success.

O'er earth's deserted wilds I go;
Resolved on solitude; to fly
All vestige of humanity.

What other mode can I devise To baffle scrutinizing eyes? Since this dejected air of mine Betrays the flames, that rage within.

The wild, the mountain, and the wood May learn my moody solitude,

That mortal ne'er may know:
Yet, where a refuge find so rude,
So wild, that love will ne'er intrude?

Aye and be welcome too.

# ROM PETRARCH.

SON. XXV.



Feeling death approaching, he consoles himself, that all the vanities and troubles that oppress him, will soon come to an end.

All human woe that terminates;

More smoothly swift time glides away,

No more delusive hope elates.

Methought; we can no longer go Dreaming of love; all care-opprest This weary coil of earth, like snow, Is melting into peaceful rest.

Youth's wild emotions, hopes and fears,
That so befooled our earlier years,
No more may agitate;
But ripe experience reveal
The secret springs of good and ill
Vicissitudes of fate.

#### RAREWELL.

AREWELL dear—dearest mother—
Life's one remaining tie;
For th' world has ne'er another,
That can thy love supply.

The livelong day I miss thee—
Dream of thee night and morn;
And when I spring to kiss thee,
I wake—and thou art gone.

Thy sweet form stands before me—
I hear thee speak my name—
A sickly chill comes o'er me,
And thrills thro' all my frame.

I stray from room to room—
For I scarce know what I do;
But every one hath some
Sad monitor of you.

Thy chair—the vacant space, By the silent sad fireside: Who now can take the place That thou hast sanctified?

Papa, sits lost in thought,
With his hands upon his knees;
He seems to see me not,
Or care not, if he sees.

Sometimes he kisses me,
But it seems to vex him sore;
And he starts—and looks at me,
As he never looked before.

They bid me not to weep,
But how can I refrain?
They tell me thou'rt asleep,
And soon will wake again.

Ah, should I wish 'twere so?

'Tis wicked that I should:

Thou'rt happy now I know,

For thou wast always good.

Dear mother—where art thou?— But surely, whereso'er Thou art, 't would grieve thee now, To know how sad we are.

And wilt thou ne'er return?
Art' ever gone from me?
The thought's so dread an one,
It cannot—cannot be.

So terrible to me
The void—I'm sick at heart;
Oh! happy could I be
With thee, where'er thou art!

And I wander in the grove, From morn till eventide; For I've lost the thing I love O'er all the world beside.

Then fare-thee-well—for ever?
Oh no—it may not be:
For never—never—never—
Can I love, as I love thee.

## SONG OF THE EMIGRANT.



AR, far have I roamed from the home of my rest,
To the gold-bearing torrents, and sands of the west;
O'er the wide sea an exile, by poverty driven
A waif of the world—and a castling of heaven.

In toil never-ending the daylight is passed, And the night on the sward, all exposed to the blast, And the sun, at his setting, but leaves me to pain, Till he rise, to awake me to labor again.

Yet the dreams of my home ever sweeten my rest, And fan the bright ember of hope, in my breast; While my languishing spirit unfettered may rove To the land of my youth, and the cot of my love.

Oh! thus may they brighten each pitiless day, Till the term of my pilgrimage passes away; When all hearts shall, united in gratitude, burn, And poverty flee—at the exile's return.



From Chiara Morroni Silorate.

Shade the tangled branches shed;
While thy mother, as thou sleepest,
Watches o'er her darling's bed.
Balmy airs! how sweet your murmur,
Breathing fragrance thro' the grove!
With the genial kiss of summer
Soothe the angel of my love.
Never were rose and eglantine
Sweet, as those smiling lips of thine.
Softly sleep, my babe, &c., &c., &c.

All the sylvan choir rejoices,
Fluttering from tree to tree:
Pretty birds! your gladsome voices
Join in grateful song with me;
We'll raise the chorus of the grove
To innocence and faithful love.
Softly sleep, my babe, &c., &c., &c.

Little streamlet! from aloft,
Foaming down so merrily,
Murmuring musically soft,
Sing my baby's lullaby:
Casting abroad thy cooling spray,
To moderate the noon-tide ray.
Softly sleep, my babe, &c., &c., &c.

Lovely babe! in thee I plight
Every hope, and every joy;
Drinking rapturous delight
From thy little laughing eye:
Truly, if life thou owest me,
I owe the bliss of it to thee.
Softly sleep, my babe, where deepest
Shade the tangled branches shed;
While thy mother, as thou sleepest,
Watches o'er her darling's bed.



## Q VENUS REGINA (CNIDI RAPHIQUE.

Hor.



ENUS, queen of Isle and ocean!

Leave thy cyprus fair, to bless

Homes of love and chaste devotion;

Where thou alone art emperess.

Bring thine handmaids fair about thee, Comely wit, and graceful ease; And youth—that's nothing worth without thee, And young Love's winsome witcheries.



# And Post Thou Still.

#### SONG.

As thou wert used with me;

And think on one, who bade thee love
Her soft solemnity?

And canst thou see without regret Our pledge of 'parted joy— Of days, so sweet to memory; yet Immirrored in her eye?

Tho' frigid now, and spiritless

Those rays, that once could burn;

They tell of times—time can't efface—

Tho' never to return.

E'en now perhaps some gaze on her Like me, from foreign shore; And severed hearts find union there, To meet on earth no more.

#### ROM LETRARCH.

SON. 270.



Quel rosignuol che'si soave piagne.

OW soft, how sweetly mourns you nightingale!

For her loved mate perhaps, or her lost young;

And all the welkin fills with her sweet song,

So exquisitely plaintive is her wail.

She all night long repeats her woeful tale,
But to remind me of my wretched lot:
Perish the thought—for I believed it not—
That one so lovely death could e'er assail.

How easy to deceive the confident!

Who could have deemed those eyes, that the noon-day Outshone so brilliantly—mere mortal clay?

This knowledge now hath dire misfortune sent,
And, by its bitter teaching, oped my eyes

To see—that all on earth that's lovely—fades and dies.

## ĝо Çиріо.

From Anacreon. Ode xl.

Amid the rosen bowers,

Saw not a bee, that lay

Asleep among the flowers.

And fluttering and flying,
And smarting with the bane,
He ran to Venus crying,
And shook his hand for pain.

"Mama! Mama! look here, My finger's sorely bit— Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! I shan't get over it." "One of those nasty things,
That Shepherds call a bee,
(Those little snakes with wings)
Has hurt me mortally."

Says she: "fie—how can you
Be such a silly thing,
To make so much ado
About a little sting?"

"What think you others feel
That you've been shooting at?
They'll tell you; your steel
Gives greater pain than that."



# SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

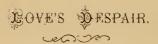


IE away to the grove, for the moon is on high, And the dog-star is setting his lamps in the sky; The nightingale's up, and preparing her song, And Venus is weary of waiting so long.

The glow-worm and will-o'-the-wisp are alight, And all are preparing for revel to-night; See Oberon coming, a fire-fly astride, And legions of frolicksome fays by his side.

The crickets are tuning their fiddles, and all The chorus of grasshoppers come to the call; And th' emmets are weaving a carpet to spread Of butterfly-feathers, and gossamer-thread.

The trumpeter-beetle is sounding, "abroad" To hunt the wild bee, and to plunder her hoard; And to dance, till the matin-bell warns us away, And mortals and misery wake with the day.



From Petrarch. Son. 104

->:83:4C

would not war—yet find no peace; I fear, I hope, I burn, I freeze; In spirit, o'er the spheres I fly, And yet on earth dejected lie; Span the whole universe—in vain—Withal I nothing can obtain.

Love is so strange a warder, he Nor locks me in, nor sets me free; He will not keep me for his own, Nor let his prisoner begone; He'll neither kill me, nor release, Nor let me live, or die in peace.

I have no eyes—and yet I see;
No tongue—yet cry eternally;
I'd die—and yet life's suppliant prove;
I loathe myself—yet burn for love;
On tears of anguish am I fed—
Yet ridicule the tears I shed;
Alike or life or death I view:
This—Madam, thou hast brought me to.

# CHORUS IN ANTIGONE.

#### FROM SOPHOCLES

Πολλά τὰ δεινὰ, κόυδε'ν άνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει. 332.

Throughout its vasty span;

Throughout its vasty span;

But nothing half so wonderful

As wonder-working man:

When, lashed by the rude wintry winds,

The foaming billows rave;

He skims along the roaring seas,

And rides the mountain wave.

Unfailing mother earth divine

He wearies, year by year,
With his eternal plough, and steeds
Submissive to his gear.
The silly birds—the sylvan game—

The ocean's finny clan—
All in his meshy toils he takes;
This all-inventive man.

Yokes the wild horse, and mountain bull—
To his devices yield
The monsters of the mighty hills,
And wildings of the field.
By sounds articulate, his thoughts
And wisdom to convey
He learns; and by judicious laws
His fellow men to sway.

Prepared for all—he's ne'er at loss—
Frost, rain, and storm can brave:
One only thing he can't escape,
He cannot fly the grave.
Yet can he baffle dire disease;
And crafty past belief,
Oft turns his cunning to his good,
As often to his grief.

When rev'rencing his country's laws,
And the Gods' just decree,
He is a prince—but when thro' pride
He falls—an outcast he.
Oh! never one, that works such woe,
Shall sit my hearth beside
My guest, my friend; nor ever be
My counsellor and guide.

## CLOSE NOT HIS CRAVE.

ŠONG.



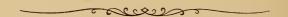
Let not the cold earth hide him;
Oh! leave it—leave it, but to-day—
And I shall rest beside him.

For grief, like mine, can ne'er endure
Another dawn to see;
Then let the bier, that brought him here,
Wait but a day for me.

Heap not on him that cruel clod; Oh stay awhile—to-morrow, One little cell shall hold, one sod Shall cover all our sorrow.

#### RO THE RADIES.

From Anacreon. Ode ii.



To the bull and the steed
Hoof and horns are decreed;
To the little birds wings; to the timid hare speed;
The lions have teeth;
And the fishes, beneath
The blue ocean, have fins, for to swim in their need.

So wisdom by Heaven
To man has been given;
But woman—poor woman! to what is she driven?
Has she naught but despair?
No:—there's beauty for her:
Who with beauty has ever successfully striven?

For the sword, and the shield,
And the lance must yield;
And there's never a weapon on battle field,
Nor fire, nor steel,
That can ever reveal
Such invincible power as beauty can wield.

# AN ENGLISH WOVEMBER.

From Gabriel Rosetti.

**---0**5®30---

H land of gloom! dark, dark as night,
No star to cheer, no moon to light;
The waters groan, and winds lament,
In doleful tones of discontent;
As tho' the winds and waters shewed
Some reason in their gloomy mood.

Hail, fair, Heav'n-favored Italy!
The star Idalian smiles on thee;
And with thy soft Idalian sky
Thy landscape smiles in harmony;
So bright thy suns—with power divine
Inspiring love where'er they shine.

But ah! 'tis not enough for me, Calm skies and flowery fields to see— Thou art oppressed, dear Italy! By tyrants—aye, most cruelly: What can blue skies and flowers avail To those that live in endless bale? Oh Britain, happy, brave, and free!
Majestic consort of the sea,
'Tis true, that sometimes clouds o'ercast;
But shadows they—mere shade at last;
With e'en less light I'd be content,
To live in freedom's blandishment.

For 'mid these shades and shadows dark Breaks on the soul truth's vivid spark, That spark, that eyes and hearts profane May seek indeed—but search in vain: Yet so it captivates my sense, Its love is its own recompense.

Oh liberty! truth's loyal nurse, That can'st all mortal good disburse; And 'mid thy darkness can'st impart A light, that charms and fires the heart; There, shall thy loyal votary stay His wayward, wav'ring, wand'ring way.



#### ANACREONTICA 1.



#### FROM JACOPO VITTORELLI.

The scented jasmine buds and blows,

And cherished by thine eyes, Mary,

Blossoms the rose:

If a sweet zephyr chance to stray, And tangle it in thy golden hair; How joyously it seems to play, And revel there;

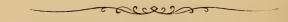
If flowers never fade near thee,
But, 'neath thy little feet, revive;
And ask thee: "only tread on me,
And I shall live:"

Full well thou knowest, pretty Fay,
By love's unerring grammary;
Those flowers—those zephyrs—what are they?
Ah!—what but I.

## ANACREONTICA V.



#### FROM JACOPO VITTORELLI.



The bluc—the silver moon's so bright,

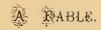
She lulls the whispering breeze to sleep,

And drowns the stars in light.

A solitary nightingale—
Hark! in the neighbouring beechen grove—
Surely his careful notes bewail
The object of his love.

Soon as she hears his piteous lay,
She hastes as fondly to reply;
And, fluttering toward him, seems to say:
"Fear not, love, here am I."

What tender passages are these! How touching too, her sympathy! Oh that thy pretty coquetries Would make me like reply!



#### FROM A. DE' GIORGI BERTOLA.

LACK eyes and blue ones had a quarrel; The subject—which should bear the laurel. "You black are taciturn—austere,"— "You blue are always insincere."— "Black is a melancholy hue,"— "But not so changeable as blue."— "In us reflected Heav'n is seen."— "We are so bright, we need a screen." "Venus had dark eyes."—"Very true, But Juno and Minerva blue." Much longer had the contest been; Had Cupid stepped not in between; And thus given judgement, on occasion Of this important litigation: As any prudent shepherd would, Well learnéd in the Cyprian code: "No colour can this doubt dispel, For colour doth not truth impart; Those eyes, for me, will bear the bell, That shew the tenor of the heart."

#### MAORIGAL.

FROM A. DE' GIORGI BERTOLA.



SARK! said Chromis, with Nigella
Sitting by the water; hark!
Moaning winds like these foretell a
Stormy night; and Oh! my bark.
Never mind, you silly feller,
To her Chromis said Nigella,
What to us are bark or weather?
Sitting here so snug together.

Yes, quoth he, were women truer,
Ever constant, ever kind;
As perchance this moment you are,
I'd not care for boat or wind.
But you girls are light as spray,
Always changing; and some day,
I should find me destitute
Of boat and nets—and you to boot.



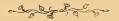
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs Sing the old Natin hymns of peace and love.

Longfellow.





# À CHRISTMAS CAROL.



Aggredere O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores Cara Dei soboles. VIR. Ec. IV.



While drowsy mortals slept,

While drowsy mortals slept,

By the dim watch-fire's light,

Their ward the shepherds kept;

Such sounds their simple hearts inspired;

As never mortal song to rapture fired.

For clouds of burning lyres
With joyous anthems ring,
As all th' angelic choirs
Salute the new-born King.
"List, Oh ye Heavens! Oh earth give ear!
To-day Messiah's born—behold His star—"

That o'er the manger stayed,

Where all in lowly state
The Holy Babe was laid,
And maiden mother sate;

And angels marvelled to behold
Such wondrous love—such mercy manifold.

When, o'er a world benighted,
Pollute with man's offence—
O'er Eden's glory blighted,
And Eden's innocence—
The serpent triumphed in his guile;
All hell's dark legions gloated on the spoil.

But there was joy in Heaven,
O'er God's all-righteous ban—
For sin shall be forgiven,
And He will ransom man—
Jehovah spake: the fiat sped:
"The woman's seed shall bruise thy cursed head."

Hail! Holy Babe! creation
Adores, as it surveys,
Thy wondrous incarnation,
Thy God's all-wondrous ways:
The morning stars rejoice and sing,
And vocal spheres with Hallelujahs ring.

Her sacred oriflamme
Triumphant Peace displays;
The lion and the lamb
In peace together graze;
On thorns and thistles grapes shall swell,
And iron oaks for joy weep hydromel.

As feet upon the mountains
That tell glad tidings nigh;
As sweet as sheeny fountains
To thirsting Pilgrim's eye;
As flowers that in the desert bloom,
So dearly dear Thy warning—"Lo! I come."

Tho' holy seers of old
Revealed th' inspired page,
Thine advent that foretold
To an expectant age:
Man turned him from the light, that showed
A present Deity; and disowned his God.

Sore thy humiliation
Assuming man's estate,
Scorn, malice, shame, temptation,
And persecuting hate—
Nor shunning scourge, and felon's doom,
To bring the wayward, wandering exile home.

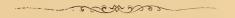
Oh! mortal-born to know
The depth of mortal bane,
How terrible Thy woe
To cleanse the deadly stain!
Sin's brazen fetters to destroy,
And on the mourner pour the oil of joy.

The broken heart to fill
With Thine all-healing peace—
As dews of Heaven distil
Upon the arid fleece—
And shed, than Jordan's healing tide,
More healing stream, from Thy most holy side.

Shout, Oh ye Isles! the rock
Of Hebron flows anew—
Cleft by a mightier stroke
Of mercy's arm—for you:
And living springs shall well on desert shore;
That Hagar's fainting sons shall drink, and thirst no more.



#### PONE LUCTUM MAGDALENA.



Pone luctum, Magdalena
Fit serena lachrymas;
Non est jam Simonis cæna,
Non cur fletum exprimas;
Causæ mille sunt lætandi,
Causæ mille exultandi.
JESUITENPOESIE.

Thy sorrow now—forbear;
Thou canst not now anoint His feet, a
And wipe them with thine hair:
Weep not; for thou hast cause to sing
A thousand songs of thanksgiving.

Smile, Magdalena, smile again;
Light up those eyes once more;
In joy of heart forget the pain,
That wrung thee heretofore:
For Christ hath set his bondsmen free,
And triumphed o'er mortality.

Sing—sing for gladness, Magdalene,
For Christ hath burst the tomb;
Now finished is the dreadful scene,
And death is overcome:
Sorely thou wept His mortal strife;
He lives—now welcome Him to life.

Behold with wonder, Magdalene,
He lives—He lives indeed;
His countenance—Oh how serene!
His wounds—Ah see, they bleed;
The emblems of salvation these,
More fair than pearls of eastern seas.

Live, Magdalene, new life's before thee;Thy young morn breaks again;Death hath no more dominion o'er thee,Then why thy joy restrain?Past be thy pangs—recall them never;He loved thee; love Him now—for ever.



## HYMN FOR GOOD TRIDAY.

θνητούς δ' έν οἴκτωπροθέμενος, . . . νηλεως ωδ' ἐρρύθμισμαι. ÆSC. P., 274.



In silent sad array,
His melancholy way
To Calvary, the Man of Sorrow wends:
Despised, rejected one,
Reviled, and spit upon,
Requiting, but with prayers,
The indignities He bears,
With all the majesty of innocence:
A King indeed, tho' King of scorn,
With sceptre reed, and crown of thorn.

Your Lord and King bewail,
Daughters of Israel!
For ye have loved and followed Him; anon
Behold, He faints beneath
The cross, and thorny wreath;

Whom late th' adoring crowd,
Amid Hosannahs loud,
Hailed the blest Envoy of the Holy One:
Whose word rebuked the winds and seas,
And the tempestuous blast was peace.

His hour is come—when He,
On you accursed tree,
Must drain the cup, that may not pass away;
By those He loved denied,
When love was danger-tried;
And, 'mid a world's disdain,
Almost by God forsa'en;
E'en friendshie's his companyed had but to be tree.

E'en friendship's kiss approached, but to betray The spotless victim of that debt, No Paschal lamb might expiate.

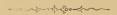
Weep Judah's daughters! wail
Thy King, Oh Israel!
With felon band condemned to felon's fate;
Consigned by infamy
To vengeful envy's cry,
For you—'mid blasphemies,
And scoffer's taunts—He dies:
While clouds of radiant Seraphim await,
To hear the once incarnate Son

To bear the once incarnate Son,
Triumphant, to a Father's throne.

Hear! that expiring cry,
Of mortal agony:
That reft the quaking rocks—the dead awoke;
That rent the Temple's veil;
Made Hell believe and quail;
And the darkened universe,
Yet black with Adam's curse,
In earth's convulsion, cast the baleful yoke:
While earth and Heav'n proclaimed aloud,
"Truly this was the Son of God."



#### ĴАІТН.



Then Jesus said unto the twelve, will ye also go away? and Simon Peter answered: JOHN VI., 67.



The word of life's in Thee:

Who but the Holy One can show
The wondrous things we see?

Thou art Messiah, that should come:
And shall we go away?
For were Thy words of wisdom dumb,
Thy works would Thee bewray.

Lord we believe; yea, we are *sure*—Oh give us constancy,
And faith shall to the end endure—We *know* that Thou art He.



#### FROM THE CAHORS BREVIARY.

Tu caritas, es. Conditor, Et Quos creas non deserens Bono repletos plurimo Factus Pater, nos diligis.

HOU art the soul of love; Thine hand
Sustaineth all creation, Lord!
Thou showerest blessing o'er the land,
Father of all, by all adored!

Tho' dim and visionless our eyes,
And primal darkness all doth blind;
Thy presence the true light supplies,
And sheds its lustre o'er the mind.

Thy laws are made for mortal's gain,
Thy justice e'er with grace o'erflows;
And the same hands of love sustain
The labourer, that the task impose.

Thou dost incite, by hope and fear,

The heart, to deeds of high emprise;

And, if the ordeal seem severe,

Thy love the lacking strength supplies.

The pilgrim of the Father-land
Hath no continuing city here;
His home—is one not made by hand,
Save of the great Artificer.

When Thy last summons we obey,
Thro' the dread void Thy hand doth guide;
Thyself the beacon, and the way,
The bourne, wherein our hopes confide.

Thy mercies, in their plentitude,
Engage our love, a thousand ways;
Thou art our One, our every good,
Our adoration, and our praise.

To Thee, Creator, Father, Lord!
With Thee Redeeming Lamb! and Thee
Oh blessed Spirit! fostering word!
Be glory, praise and majesty.

#### **2** SALM 151.

From Ixx.



WAS the least among my Father's sons,

The youngest of his house, and kept his sheep;

And with my hands I made

An instrument of reeds;

And my young fingers framed a psaltery.

But who shall scan the ways of the Most High,

Or who shall dictate to

His all-directing will?

It pleased the Lord to glorify His servant;
Who sent His angel from above, and took me
From out the pasture, where
I fed my Father's sheep;

And with His holy oil anointed me.

Tall were my Brethren, and of comely form;

And yet the Lord their God

Delighted not in them.

Then, went I forth to meet the Philistine, Who curséd me by all his gods; but I His giant sword from out its scabbard drew, Smote off his head, and took Reproach from Israel.





Lenten Hymn. From Ps. vi.

--05@≾00--

Lord rebuke me but in love;
Spirit-stricken, weak and weary,
What is man if Thou reprove?

Should Thy dreadful word be spoken, What can th' hapless sinner save? If the bruiséd reed be broken, Who can serve Thee in the grave?

Miserere: Miserere:

Waste and wan my form appears; And my heart, oppressed and dreary, Vents its penitence in tears.

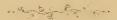
Tears of hope and consolation—
Tears, that ever flow to Thee
In prayer, love, faith, and adoration;
Miserere Domine.

Miserere: Miserere Domine.

### WUMEN, O MUNDI PATER.

#### HYMN.

From the Breviaries of Novon and Lisieux.



Can every gift dispense;
And worlds' creation were but sport
To Thine omnipotence.

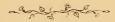
Command—and e'er the word is given,
Created by Thy breath,
Spring all things—the high vault of Heaven,
And pendent worlds beneath.

The watery vapour, that enshrouds
The earth, compelled by Thee,
Now floats aloft in pensile clouds,
Now, forms the mighty sea.

Stern in Thy purpose to fulfil Whate'er Thine hand essays:
Make us as constant to Thy will,
As steadfast in Thy praise.

## Ý E ZASSIONE ŽOMINI.

ĤYMN.



Ecquis binas columbinas
Alas dabit animæ
Ut in almam Crucis palmam
Evolet citissime? JESUITENPOESIE.

My mission of grace to fulfill;

That shall bear me, on pinions of love,

To the Cross upon Calvary's hill?

Oh Jesu! to Thee would I flee—
In Thy bosom of mercy abide:
Ah! where such a refuge for me,
As the cleft in Thy spear-riven side?

Oh Life of my soul! shalt Thou die
The death of the pitiless Cross?
And to ransom a wretch, such as I,
That have lived but to sin and remorse?

What is man that Thou lovest him Lord?
Is he worthy to stand in Thy sight?
What can life to the living accord,
But in living Thy love to requite?

Oh fill us with holy desire,

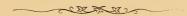
The affection that faith can impart:
With the love, that is stronger than fire,
And can soften the stone of the heart.

Thou hast made us Thy children, and free;
Hast redeemed us, when Satan destroyed:
What is life, if not living to Thee?
And death? what a desperate void!

But love—holy love is supreme
O'er the cares and affections beneath:
And, spurning its fear as a dream,
Shall exult in triumph of death.



## HYMN FOR ASCENSION DAY.



And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven. Luke XXIV., 51.



SIFT up your crystal gates on high,
Y' eternal portals of the sky,

He comes, He comes; He comes:
He, that hath fought and overcome,
Hath vanquished death, and sinners' doom,
And reft its terror from the tomb;
The King of Glory comes.

So late, betrayed and crucified, Disowned by those for whom He died:

The Victor-victim comes
On Angel-wings; His warfare done,
Prince, Priest, and Sacrifice in one,
For sin the sinless to atone;
The King of Glory comes.

Lift your eternal gates on high,
Ye crystal Portals of the Sky;
The King of Glory comes:
Was conquest e'er so glorious,
Or strife so meritorious?
O'er sin and Hell victorious,
He comes—He comes—He comes.





FROM AMBROSIUS.
BORN A.D. 333.

Deus Creator omnium Polique, rector, vestiens Diem decoro lumine, Noctem soporis gratia.

AKER of all! at whose command Attendant Hosts of Angels stand; Who clothest day in glorious light, And for sweet slumber made the night.

That peaceful rest, our strength repair, The morrow's needful toil to bear; Restore the mind's exhausted power; And soothe the mourner's lonesome hour.

With grateful hymns each day we close, E'er we resign us to repose; And pray, as night draws on, to keep Us safe and sinless while we sleep. So shall our inmost souls to Thee Break forth in joyous ecstasy; And chaste and loyal hearts shall bring An acceptable offering.

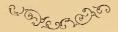
And, when the last long night of gloom, Shall quench the sun in mortal doom; Faith shall beam forth with burning ray, And chase night's darkling shades away.

So, ne'er may sin our sleep surprise; But watchful faith, tho' closed our eyes, From Satan's wiles unperilled keep, And holy visions gild our sleep.



## SACRAMENTAL ÂYMN.

I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me, shall never thirst. John VI. 35.



URE in heart, in faith enduring
Come; receive the sacred pledge;
Everlasting bliss assuring—
Man's supremest privilege.

Hunger ye? 'tis bread from Heaven— Manna, with full mercy rife: From a heart, by sorrow riven, Flows the stream, that gives ye life.

Praise Him; who for love he bore us Paid the cruel, cruel price; Gave His blood and body for us— Love's stupendous sacrifice. Light the servitude He tasketh;
Love the burden of command;
Humble faith is all He asketh,
Gnileless heart, and gniltless hand.

His this holy institution— His all-healing words divine Doom eternal dissolution, To the ban and bonds of sin.

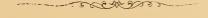
He—the Saviour, gift and giver,
Universal peace ordains;
He—for all, for aye, for ever,
From His bondsmen strikes the chains.

Blessed Dove of expiation—
See—the olive leaf He brings:
Hail Him, Herald of salvation,
Prince of peace, and King of kings!



FROM THE LAUDUN BREVIARY.

Quantā per orbem gloriā Fulges, Creator Siderum! His te Deum micantibus Offers legendum litteris.



OW glorious their Maker's name,
Oh God, Thy stars record;
And magnify with tongues of flame
Their universal Lord.

Thou willest—the great lights appear,
Amid chaotic night;
To portion the revolving year,
And bless Thy works with light.

Impelled by Thine all-ruling force,
The circling planets burn;
And devious comets know their course,
And hour of their return.

Their blaze of glory all is Thine;
Thy ministers of light—
At Thy behest alone, they shine,
Or hide their heads in night.

Unnumbered as the starry zone,
Cherubic voices raise,
And earth and angels join in one
Grand symphony of praise.

So, thro' the gush of song, may loom On faith's all-hoping eye, Some foretaste of her Father's home, And its celestial joy.

Hosannah! to th' Almighty Lord,
Hosannah! to the Son,
Hosannah! to the fostering word—
Mysterious Three in One!





#### FROM GREGORIUS. BORN A.D. 324.



Rex Christe, factor omnium, Redemptor et credentium, Placare votis supplicum Te laudibus colentium.

Saviour of all, Messiah, Lord!
Saviour of all, that trust Thy word;
Thy suppliants' adoration hear,
Nor turn an unrelenting ear.

By Thy dear wounds upon the cross, Thy loving care for mortals' loss; By Thy self-sacrificing love, Did'st burst the bonds that Adam wove.

Thou did'st the spheres of Heaven create, Yet tookest on Thee mortal state; And deigned a felon's death to die Of agonizing infamy. For Thou wast bound, the slaves to free Of perishing mortality; By Thine own shame did'st cleanse the sin, Man daily grew more hardened in.

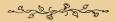
When on the cross Thou died'st for us, Quaked all the astounded universe; And, when Thy potent spirit fled, The sun of Heaven veiled his head.

Triumphant now in glory's height, Resplendent in Thy Father's light; Thine all-prevailing Spirit send, To guard us; Saviour, King, and Friend.



## LYMN FOR EPIPHANY.

And lo! the star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came, and stood over where the young Child was. MATT. II., §.



Thy brightening beam hath dawned;
Thou wast foreknown to seer and sage—
Tho' at Thine advent scorned.

Thy birth by angels choristered
To shepherds on the lea;
Thine infancy by princes feared—
Tho' child of penury.

The stars of Heav'n Thine harbingers;
By mystic vision led,
Far sages came Thy worshippers—
Tho' in a manger bed.

Blest Scion of David's royal stem!
Thy portion was the rood;
The plaited thorn Thy diadem,
Gemmed with Thy precious blood.

The purple stole Thy mockery,
The reed Thy sceptre rod—
Tho' Heaven and earth acknowledge Thee,
And angels hailed their God.

Those sorrows, and those wounds achieve Such wond'rous love divine, That myriads of myriads live In every tear of thine.





## (IN VIGILIA PENTECOSTES.) FROM THE NOYON BREVIARY.

Oh Christe, qui noster poli Præcursor intras regiam.

u mele

The polar path hath trod;

Look on Thy sojourners of earth,

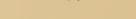
And lead them to their God.

With Thy supreme beatitude
Our loyal love requite;
Whereon faith's eye alone may brood—
It dazzles earthly sight.

Of duty's meeds, the dearest is Where Thou Thyself dost give; And there the fulness of all bliss, Where Thou in all dost live.

Where those, that to the end endure, Thy soul-entrancing joys Shall drink, from founts of nectar pure, No care, no pain alloys.

## LYMN OF THE LAST TUDGEMENT.



Cum revolvo diligenter Quid post mortem sit sequenter; Stabunt justi confidenter: Jam delector incessanter.

THEN in my heart I contemplate
The mysteries of the future state—
How sure reward the just awaits:
What holy joy my soul clates!

For the great day approaches fast,. When, triumphing o'er sorrows past, The meek shall reign; all trials o'er, And persecution vex no more.

That day—that day of life retrieved— Of light—by angels unconceived: When sun and moon extinguished lie, And very death at last shall die. Oh! then how ravishing the sight, The joy, the rapture, the delight; When all, that love their Lord of Grace, Shall meet their Saviour face to face.

That countenance serene to see Resplendent with benignity; To hear His thrilling words of fate, Before all worlds reanimate.

"Oh! ye, that put your trust in me, And did my will persistently; Behold the meed, your faith hath sought; And tears of persecution bought:"

"Behold my promised kingdom—hence Revealed to man's intelligence: Now ye behold it—now possess; And reign in all its blessedness."

What then the world, and all its joys?— How sweet then to have spurned its voice! The pang how bitter, Oh how keen, To those, that had its votaries been! Oh! then how blesséd those that mourn And with their Lord the Cross have borne That, worldly good foregoing, have Eternal homes beyond the grave.

There concord reigns; eternal peace; No wars affray, no pleasures cease; With all youth, beauty, health can give, In bliss unending shall they live.

There, in celestial mansions, prove What joys transport the hosts above; Beyond imagination's scope, Man's wildest wish, or fondest hope.

Deign, righteous Judge, in mercy deign, To call Thy faithful, there to reign; 'Tis their first hope, their warmest prayer, For all their soul is centered there.





#### FROM PSALM LI.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit: a broken and contrite heart,
Oh, God, Thou shalt not despise. v. 17.



My God, avenge Thee not at last,
And visit not my sin.

For I confess how dark it be,
Wert Thou extreme to note;
I cannot hide my faults from Thee,
But Thou canst blot them out.

All sullied with this earthly stain
And heritage of sin,
For that pure faith I sigh in vain,
That Thou delightest in.

But touch me with Thine hyssop bough;
And, with no mortal throe,
My soul shall cast this earthy slough,
And be as pure as snow.

Regenerate mine inward part,
And make me wise, to wot
The secret working of the heart,
That it betray me not.

Nor incense, nor burnt-offering
Are lovely in Thine eyes,
Else to Thine altar would I bring
A daily sacrifice.

The simple heart, and lowly guise, Must Thy sweet incense be; And faith's all-willing sacrifice Of the whole soul to Thee.





#### FROM THE AMIENS BREVIARY.

Cur aut amictus, aut cibi, Te cura mordet anxia? Homo, tibi vestem, cibum, Rex ipse mundi providet.



Such food and raiment why such care?
Such fond anxiety?
The hand, that made this world so fair,
Will surely these supply.

Who clothes the lilies of the earth,
The sparrows nourishes,
Esteems thee more than lily worth,
Nor than a sparrow less.

If thine own children ask for food,
Would'st give them bane instead?
Think'st thou thy Heavenly Father would
Give thee a stone for bread?

Securely on his bosom rest;
He dearly cares for thee;
Sure never father—nay the best—
Was ever proved as He.

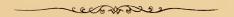
Pray for those gracious gifts in store, His love hath promiséd; And for thy prayer, a thousand more Shall shower upon thine head.

To Thee Oh Father! Thee Oh Son!
Blest Spirit! and to Thee;
One God—th' all-wise eternal One—
Praise, glory, majesty.



### SALM XCI.

I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope and my stronghold; my God in whom will I trust.



THOSO hath dwelt in the Most High,
And His bright pinions made
His all-protecting canopy,
And soul-restoring shade;
No mortal ills his soul may scathe,
Whose panoply is hope and faith.

His God will be his sure defence,
And seraphs guard his way,
'Mid night's consuming pestilence,
And shafts that fly by day;
For He will guide his feet, and foil
The fowler's snare and hunter's toil.

On asp and adder shall he tread;
And, with a charméd foot,
Shall bruise the cockatrice's head,
And they shall harm him not;
And the young lion, that he meet,
Shall cower, to kiss his saintly feet.

Thou, Lord, shalt set his house on high,
And found it on a rock;
That the destroyer pass it by,
And plague, and tempest-shock;
For Thou shalt all his path survey,
And guardian-angels keep his way.

And faith-defended shall he stand
'Mid death's unlovely shade—
Tho' thousands fall on either hand—
Unscathed, and undismayed:
For he hath put his trust in Thee,
And glorious shall his guerdon be.



## ĤУМИ FOR THE \$ ABBATH.

FROM GREGORIUS, BORN A.D. 324.

Primo dierum omnium, Quo mundus extat conditus, Vel quo resurgens Conditor Nos, morte victa, liberat.

5666555

20-DAY when young creation first Received her crowning wreath; And her triumphant Maker burst The bonds of sin and death.

Let us arise betimes, and chide The torpid hours of night; And seek our God, as David did, Before the morning light.

So, may He deign to hear our prayers,
And lend a loving hand,
To lead His blood-bought sojourners
To the long-promised land.

Nor cease His gracious gifts to pour On those, whose hearts employ The calm seclusion of that hour, In hymns of grateful joy.

Paternal source of life divine!
Grant Thine empowering grace,
To shun the syren-voice of sin,
And her deluding ways.

From sins presumptuous save us; save—
Tho' frail this earthly frame—
From the worst terrors of the grave,
And hell's avenging flame.



## SACRAMENTAL JYMN.

FROM JESUITENPOESIE.

O esca viatorum O panis Angelorum.

Thou blessed angel-bread!
That oft the wand'rer fed,
With Heav'n-sent manna, on life's weary road;
The hung'ring satisfy,
Nor thy delight deny
To those that seek thee, dearest gift of God!

Oh sacred fount of love!
That gushest from above
Holy and pure, from out the Saviour's heart:
Thy healing stream bestow,
'Tis all we ask below.
Who thirst for what Thou only canst impart.

Oh Jesu! grant that we,
Who now but taste of Thee,
In mystic bread's commemorative rite;
May meet Thee as Thou art,
This earthy screen apart,
Unveiled, and glorious in Thy realms of light.

### SALM CH.

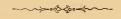
My days are gone like a shadow: and I am withered like grass. v. 11.



When meek and spirit-worn I cry;
When meek and spirit-worn I cry;
My lowly prayer in pity hear;
In pity, help me—or I die.
Like parched herb in summer-day,
My strength is withering away;
My life is fading, and its joys,
Like vapours, vanish as they rise.

From very weeping all the night,
I am emaciate and worn;
And like the moping owl, I sit
All weary, watchful, and forlorn.
I've eaten ashes with my bread,
And mixed my drink with tears I shed,
For that my God should angry be:
So dreadful is his wrath to me.





Integer vitæ scelerisque purus Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu.

Hor.



THE guileless heart, and guiltless hand, In conscience pure, in life unstained, Unarmed, unaided, may defy The world, and its malignity.

> Tho' weal or penury thy lot, Or the world's smiles bestead thee not; E'en He, that hears th' young ravens' cry, Shall all thy needful wants supply.

Shall keep thee, 'mid the burning sand Of lion-breeding Samarcand; Or hyperborean snows, that form The dreadful cradle of the storm.

And shepherd-like, shall gently lead O'er deserts howling drearihead, To cooling springs, and verdant glades, And green oases' palmy shades.

Go, where no leafy summers bless Th' inhospitable barrenness— Realms that tempestuous clouds invade, And wreath in a perpetual shade.

Go, traverse sol's meridian zone, O'er wild savannahs drear and lone: His love shall all thy woes beguile, And the hoarse wilderness shall smile.



# ĤYMN FOR KASTER DAY.

PSALM LXXXVIII., 10-13.

Now if Christ be preached, that He rose from the dead; how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? 1 COR. XV., 12.



ILT Thou work marvels in the tomb
My God? and shall the dead arise?
Shall mercy's boon revoke the doom
Of man, and mortal destinies?

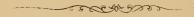
Shall love celestial appear,
In dark oblivion's loathsome shade;
And everlasting silence hear
The glad hosannahs of the dead?

The psalmist sang—with seer's eyes
He peered adown the vale of years;
In spirit, saw the Day-spring rise;
In spirit, felt His woes and tears.

In spirit, heard His parting breath,
The prayer, the cry upon the tree;
He saw Him burst the bonds of death,
And captive lead captivity.

#### HYMN.

FROM THE SENS BREVIARY.



Deus jnbes: ab arida Aquæ recedunt: nec mora, Unum feruntur in locum, Et nomen imponis mari.

The waters fled at Thy command;

To one vast mass Thou bad'st them flee, And call'st the mighty concourse sea.

Then flower-bedight, and fair to see, Earth smiled in her fertility; And with maternal bounty poured Forth treasures, in her bosom stored.

Behold our hearts—a barren sand; A fruitless and uncultured strand; Yet can Thy grace with verdure bless, And fertilize their barrenness.

#### THE THROCENTS.

FROM PRUDENTIUS.
BORN A.D. 348.

The state of the s

Salvete flores martyrum, Quos, lucis ipso in limine, Christi insecutor sustulit, Ceu turbo nascentes rosas.

**⊸ಂ⊱್ರಂ**⊸

AIL little Martyrs, flowers of Heav'n!

Torn from this lower world,

Like roses, by the tempest riven,

E'er yet the buds unfurled.

The tenderest, and the first were ye,

To gain a Martyr's death;

Beneath the brands,

Your little hands

Played with the palmy wreath.

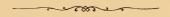
By the fell tyrant, all too well
The Royal Child was known,
Should reign a King in Israel,
And sit on David's throne.

"Search every mother's breast," he cried,
"Slay—let not craft connive;
Their cradles flood
With infant blood,
Nor let a male survive."

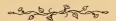
And barbarous indeed the sight—
For scarce the murderous blow
Had space of limb whereon to light
So tender was the foe.
Thy crime, Oh king, is profitless;
What has thy frenzy wrought?
For one hath fled
'Mid heaps of dead,
That one thy fury sought.



## ŽSALM XC.



So teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. v. 12.



TROM reason's early dawn, my heart,

Hath clung, Oh Lord, to Thee;

For Thou the one sure refuge art,

Whereto the weak may flee.

Before the mountains were, Thou wast;
Thy term eternity;
A century of ages past
Are but a watch to Thee.

Thou art from everlasting: man
A shadow's shade—at most
Some four-score years of toil and pain
Are all the strong can boast.

Green is the grass of morning—bright
As is the lusty spring;
At noontide faded—and e'er night
Cut down, and withering.

So man, Thine image, for a day Parades this vale of tears; But at Thy chiding, fades away Like grass, and disappears.

Should'st Thou, but for an hour, withhold
Thine all-sustaining care,
His life were as a tale that's told—
A dream of days that were.

Oh turn our hearts to wisdom's path,
And make the heedless see,
How brief a term the strongest hath,
That we may live to Thee.



## HYMN FOR THE WATIVITY.

FROM HYMNARIUM MOGUNTINUM.

Nato nobis Salvatore, Celebremus cum honore Diem Nata, litium: Nobis datus, nobis natus, Et nobiscum conversatus, Lux et salus Gentium.

SAVIOUR'S born to us to-day,

Let us make joyful holiday,

And keep the festival:

For He was born to bear our sorrows,

To dwell among us, perish for us,

A burning light to all.

Eve first our death and sorrow wrought:
Redemption of her sin He bought,
E'en with His precious gore;
Mankind's first mother was our bane,
But Mary gave us life again
In th' Holy Child she bore.

God's love, tho' ne'er so ill requited,
Shone down from Heav'n on the benighted,
And sent His only Son;
Who, unrevealed, tho' ever nigh,
Came, like a bridegroom, forth with joy,
To make His mission known.

He was a warrior strong and great,
That vanquished death from mortal state:
On Heav'nly embassage
He came, th' appointed course to run,
Foreshadowed since the world begun,
In God's mysterious page.

Jesu! Thy glorious passion brings
Sweet peace, "with healing on her wings;"
And grateful earth shall raise
To Thee, whose blest humiliation
Has wrought Thy faithful flock's salvation,
Unending songs of praise.



# KEW LARADISE.



Nunquam serenior, Nunquam amænior, Phæbus est visus; Quam quando conditus, Et novus constitus, Est Paradisus. JESUITENPOESIE.

Nor with serener ray
Sol ever beamed;
Than when new Paradise
Shone forth in lovely guise—
Eden redeemed.

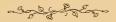
Where never Satan's guile, Couched in his serpent's smile, Baffles his prey; Never, tho' fair to see, Fruit o' forbidden tree Charms to betray. Ban of old Adam's sin
Taints not the air within,
Sav'ring of death;
But the pure vital breeze
Gladdens her terraces—
Heav'n's own breath.

There, as fair flowers in row,
Virtues unfading grow;
Drinking with joy
Founts of love full and free,
Where no satiety
Ever may cloy.

There, amid groves of bliss,
See, the great Master is,
Life to proclaim—
"Come to these bowers, and eat
Fruits for the sinner meet—
Jesus His name."



# RYMN OF THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.



Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. MATT. XIX., 14.



ATHER of Light! whose tender care Ne'er turned from hapless infant's prayer, Nor did the sage's 'quest despise, Who askéd only to be wise.

Oh! teach our simple hearts to know The blessings knowledge can bestow; And bend our souls, like sapling tree, To truth, to wisdom, and to Thee.

Let not the goodly seed be sown On sterile soil, or arid stone; Or the great lesson truth imparts Fall fruitless on unfaithful hearts. Dispel the darkling cloud, that lowers O'er budding youth's imperiled hours: That, like the falcon's stoop, descends On unsuspecting innocence.

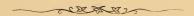
Let wisdom crown our riper years With hope, that conscious virtue bears; That, in the world's fierce ordeal proved, May, like the mountains, stand unmoved.



# HYMX FOR CHRISTMAS.

FROM THE NOYON BREVIARY.

Jam radix Jesse storuit. Et virga fructum genuit; O ter beatum nuntium, Solamen dulce mentium!



©ON scion fair, of Jesse's root, ©Hath borne for us a glorious fruit: Thrice blesséd Envoy from on high, Hail! sweet Consoler! heavenly joy! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The very God, in human mould,
Who comes like shepherd to His fold,
This day to mortal sight displays
Incarnate God-head face to face.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

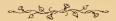
Mary the holy Jesus bore,
Tho' mother, pure as heretofore:
Laud Him ye stars, and earth and sea
Shall clap their hands in harmony.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Ye shepherds leave your flocks; and led By guiding starlet, to His shed; See where your infant Saviour lies, And swell the chorus of the skies. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Rise, from your eastern realms afar, Ye princes; mark His guiding star; And your rich tribute humbly bring, Low kneeling to your new-born King. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!



# XYMN FOR THE SACRAMENT.



Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. JOHN VI., 54.

OME, ye faithful, to the feast,

Lean upon your Saviour's breast;

Hark! Scraphic voices call

To Salvation's festival.

Come, with chastened hearts, and pure, Come, in wedding garniture; Bread of life He tenders you, And wine—that Cana never knew.

'Twas to ransom you He came, Archetype of slaughtered lamb: Lord of all—for all He dies,\* Saviour, Priest, and Sacrifice. By His blood for mortals shed, By the cross whereon He bled; By His pains so meekly borne, Tearing scourge, and plaited thorn;

By the spear, the sponge and reed, Death is vanquished—man is freed. Lord of all—for all He dies.\* Saviour, Priest, and Sacrifice.

Come to the marriage of the Lamb; 'Twas to ransom sin He came; He—the sinless and the just, The one, the last, great holocaust.

> \* Pro universis Immolatus Dominus Ipse Sacerdos Extitit et hostia.





Altitudo quid hic jaces In tam vili stabulo? Qui creâsti cæli faces Alges in presepio?

JESUITENPOESIE.

H Height supernal! dost Thou lie
In lowly stable sleeping?
Who mad'st the beacons of the sky,
Art in a manger weeping?
What wond'rous things, Oh Lord, and vast
Hast Thou for mortals done!
What love surpassing, unsurpassed,
To Eden's exile shown!

Thy mighty strength is weak indeed,
Thy vastness, but a span;
Art bound—who all mankind hast freed;
Eternity—yet Man.

What wond'rous things, Oh Lord, and vast,
Hast Thou for mortals done!
What love surpassing, unsurpassed,
To Eden's exile shown!

Thy lips imbibe the virgin breast;
The tear-drops in Thine eyes
Shed beams of joy from east to west,
Glad angels recognize.
What wond'rous things, Oh Lord, and vast
Hast Thou for mortals done!
What love surpassing, unsurpassed,
To Eden's exile shown.



# PSALMUS PAVIDIS LXXX.

Imitation of the ancient Leonine verse.



Support of the Support of Support

Ab æterno in æternum Præsens numen, et supernum, Veni desuper; indutum Vires, veni nos adjutum.

Adsis Deus! præsens audi; Sient oves tibi cordi; Nec averte soles vultûs, Ut peccator sit inultus.

En! dejectos gentes vident, Infideles et irrident: Væ! quousque irascéris, Nec precantûm miseréris? Pane pastis lachrymarum Cyathum præbes amarum: Nunquam populo fulsurus Vultus ille, nisi durus?

Adsis Deus! præsens audi; Sient oves tibi cordi; Nec averte soles vultûs, Ut peccator sit inultus.

Vitis uti, quâ supremos Feræ rapiunt racemos, Perimus; heu! parce tristi, Ipse Nilo quam tulisti.

Manus tende gregis duces; Lupos ab ovili truces Procul arce; quo vivamus In te, neve decidamus.

Adsis Deus! præsens audi; Sient oves tibi cordi; Nec averte soles vultûs Ut peccator sit inultus.



#### FROM AMBROSIUS. BORN A.D. 333.

÷83;€

Splendor paternæ gloriæ, De luce lucem proferens, Lux lucis, et fons luminis, Dies dierum illuminans.

The beam ethereal flows;

Whose spirit-kindling effluence
The light of life bestows;

Shine on, thou veritable sun!

Thy ray can ne'er decline;

Oh shed thine holy radiance on

This darksome heart of mine.

Thou art our Father—hear our vows; Eternal light divine! From Thee all grace paternal flows; Oh break the bonds of sin. Aid every good endeavour; lend Thine help against the foe; In time of trouble stand our friend, And prosper all we do.

Let burning faith our hearts inspire;
Rule all the soul within,
And cleanse it, as th' refiner's fire,
From every taint of sin.

Be Christ our bread, our cup of life; And faith shall quaff the bowl; Where every holy joy is rife, That elevates the soul.

Fair pass the day—as blushing morn, Let modest virtue glow; And faith, as the full noonday sun, That ne'er shall twilight know.





JACOPONUS OR WALTER MAPES

Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria, Cujus prosperitas est transitoria? Tam cito labitur ejus potentia, Quam vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.



HY exults the vain world in its shadow of power?

So swiftly its benefits fade and decay:

Its dominion and might but endure for an hour,

As the work of the potter—so fragile are they.

Rather trust ye to characters graven on ice,

Than the treacherous voice of a world of deceits;

With hypocrisy's garland that glorifies vice,

And, ever suspected, no confidence meets.

How fleeting a feast is its perishing pride!

As the shadow of man, is his glory and gaud;
Into devious ways they seduce him aside,
As they rob him of all his eternal reward.

Oh food of the worm! Oh thou handful of dust!
Oh vanity—wherefore in folly repose?
But the flower of to-day—who the morrow can trust?—
Then in mercy employ what but mercy bestows.

These worldly delights, tho' ye prize them so high,
Are but grass of the field, in the oven that's cast:
As the leaves of the tempest are scattered, and die,
So is life—but the sport of the pitiless blast.

Why call that your own ye can never insure?
What the world can bestow, it can surely destroy:
Set your heart and your hope upon things that endure,
And despise the world's threats, as ye laugh at its joy.



## ŞSALM CXXXIX.

COOD

Oh Lord Thou hast searched me out and known me: Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising: Thou understandest my thoughts long before. v. 1.

Now wast in Thy greatness Oh Lord?
Thy word all creation controls;
Oh! where can we fly from the God,
That can search out our innermost souls?

No thought of the heart, but is heard E'er yet in the bosom it sprung; And Thy wisdom weighs every word, Or ever it fall from the tongue.

Thy presence all nature pervades;
If I climb up to Heaven—Thou art there;
Or dive to hell's nethermost shades—
For Thy spirit is everywhere.

If I fly on the wings of the morning, And abide in the depths of the sea; There even Thy presence is dawning, And the water's no covert to me.

If I hide me in darkness and night,
Their shades from Thy countenance flee;
For Thine eyes are the fountain of light,
And the night has no darkness for Thee.

Thou hast formed us with marvellous art—Who the depth of Thy wisdom may span? For Thou knewest each embryo part,
E'er they bloomed in the beauty of man.

May I never insensible prove—
So dear are Thy counsels to me;
If we number the signs of Thy love,
They are more than the sand of the sea.

Oh! prove, Lord, the ground of my heart, So I never against Thee rebel; But may centre my soul, where Thou art; And with Thee for ever may dwell.



#### FROM THE CAHORS BREVIARY.

Si splendidis coloribus Sublime cælum pingitur, Manu perita vividos, Deus, colores imprimis.



F all so glorious, so grand,
In heaven's high concave shine,
Save Thine, Oh God, what master hand
Achieved the vast design?

There, in triumphant majesty,
Above the starry zone,
Thou on the wingéd wings dost fly,
And make the clouds Thy throne.

Thou dost suspend the rattling rain In clouds; that, on the land In flying showers resolve again, Where'er Thou dost command. Thou sendest hail, and frozen snow—
Thou giv'st the gentle dew:
Thou dost direct the thunder blow,
And arm the lightning too.

The rebel heart, with wholesome fear,
Rebuke; Creator blest!
But soothe the penitential tear,
And contrite soul's unrest.

The universal Friend of all— Like pledges of Thy love Now in refreshing showers fall, In thunder now reprove.



# ĤYMN FOR KASTER DAY.

Plaudete Cæli!
Rideat Œther!
Summus et imus
Gaudeat Orbis!
JESUITENPOESIE.

Ye starry tongues!
From pole to pole ring out
Your joyous songs.
The darkling storm has passed,
And blesséd is the calm;
Our glorious hope at last
Is crowned with palm.

Ye flowers! with every hue
And fragrance dight,
The drooping world renew,
With spring's delight:
Roses and violets sweet,
And ye, glad celandine,
With maiden lilies, meet
For song divine.

Flow the full tide of song;
And let the lyre
The joyous strain prolong,
In notes of fire.

\* For Christ is risen again
According to His word;
Death may no more retain
The living Lord.

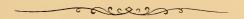
Ye floods and waters sing;
Ye mountains high,
And echoing valleys, ring
With shouts of joy.

\* For Christ is risen again,
According to His word;
Death may no more retain
The living Lord.

\* Namque revixit Sicuti dixit Pius illæsus Funere Jesus.



Ad vigiliu Paschæ.



IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT LEONINE.



Quid non meruistis pati? Infideles, furibundi, Extinxistis lucem mundi.

> Venit suis—noluêre Sui Dominum habere, Angelorum qui concentu Colladatus est adventu:

Quo et moriente, lumen Demptum confitetur Numen; Ipsa tremuit et tellus, Tantum ut videret scelus. Cæci, cæcos ut ducentes, Innocentem persequentes, Ob invidiæ furorem, Trucidâre Salvatorem.

Spretus et rejectus homo, Exul a cælesti domo, Mutus, agnus ut tonsorem, Plagas subit, et dolorem.

Ab iniquo judicatu, Libens ivit cruciatu; Nec invitus, agnus aræ Mundum moritur servare.

Moses ut, desertis feris, Attulit serpentem æris, Ut qui morsu vulnerentur, Modò spectent, et sanentur.

Ille,—fax ardenti luce, Elevatur super cruce; Quò et omnes qui visuri, Sient illi credituri. Qui et freti fide purâ, Pœnitentes salvaturâ, Mortem ob beatam, sui Possent Paradiso frui.

Gloria, honos, laus, potestas Vobis, una quêis majestas, Unum Numen—ô salvete, Pater, Fili, Paraclete!



Quid, Tyranne, quid minaris?

Quid usquam panarum est? JESUITENPOESIE.

Whom shall pain or terror move?

All thy machinations fail thee,

'Gainst the sovereign force of love.

Welcome power's worst infliction,

Pain has little fear for me;

Better death than dereliction—

Love will lend us constancy.

Heap thy fagots; howsoever
Direful fire and scourge may prove,
Instruments of torture never
Can o'ercome the force of love.
Welcome power's, &c., &c.

Pains like these we lightly measure,
Death's but one short sigh of sighs;
Persecution's self were pleasure,
When its terror we despise.
Welcome power's, &c., &c.

# ĤYMN FOR PENTECOST.

FROM THE CAHORS BREVIARY.

Veni, superene Spiritus Pater benigne pauperum: Munus datorque muneram, Sis cordis hospes intimus.

GOME Heavenly Spirit, Father, Friend,
Guide of the poor oppressed;
Giver and gift—the means, the end—
The heart's most welcome Guest.

Our souls are dark, immersed in night, Thine own true light impart; For where Thou shinest is true light, True vigor where Thou art.

Confound the world's base artifice, And all its gross deceit; Lest their seductive wiles entice Our wayward, wandering feet. Shine forth in unveiled majesty,
Thou light of every heart!
And all will burn to be with Thee,
Who know how true Thou art.

Fountain of holy love! inspire Our souls; and we shall be Salted with Thine all holy fire, Sweet sacrifice to Thee.

For we have wandered from the bourn, Oh! lead Thy straylings home; Be Thou the path of our return, And we no more shall roam.





For God is my King of old.

PSALM LXXV., 13.

CHAM2

Y God, my King of old!
Thy mighty hands
Subdued th' chaotic roar
Of elemental war;
And 'mid the wild expanse
Of seas primeval, land
Upsprung at Thy command;
And behemoth fell—banned
By Thy puissance.

Thy fiat brought forth light—
At Thy behest,
The wond'ring sun and moon,
Unveiled in glory shone
O'er earth's dark barren waste.
And th' seasons genial round
Smiled on the teeming ground;
And day with joy was crowned,
And night with rest.

Thou bad'st the sea divide—
And all subdued,
On either hand, like walls
Of molten emeralds,
The trembling billows stood.
And for Thy chosen flock,
Refreshing waters broke
From Horeb's cloven rock,
And parching sod.

Let all creation praise Thee—
King supreme!
And hallelujahs loud
Peal from the burning cloud
Of harping Cherubim:
While all the firmament
Ring out in sweet concent
Of men and angels blent,
In one grand theme.



## PSALM CXLVIII.

----o;<del>o;</del>-----

Oh praise the Lord of Heaven: praise Him in the height.



PRAISE ye the Lord of Heav'n, in all His glorious attire; Praise Him, ye Hosts celestial, Ye tuneful Scraph choir.

Praise Him, thou glorious solar ball Thou moon, and starry pole; Praise Him, ye seas empyreal, Above the stars that roll.

Praise Him, the mighty primal cause, For He is God alone; He fixed your everlasting laws, Commanded—and ye shone.

Praise Him, fire, storms, and hurricanes,
Praise Him, ye winds and waves;
Praise Him, ye vast Leviathans,
That sport in ocean's caves.

Praise Him, ye hills, and all that on Your mountain pasture roves; Praise Him, thou mighty Lebanon— Ye regal cedar groves.

Praise Him, prince, power, and potentate, Youth, age, and maidenhood; Praise Him, His name is only great, For He alone is good;

By earth, and angel-hosts adored:
All creatures of His hand,
Sprang into being at His word,
And live, at His command.





#### FROM PRUDENTIUS. BORN A.D. 348.

Cultor Dei memento, Te fontis et lavacri Rorem subisse sanctum,

Te chrismate innovatum.

(elector)

Before the font hath stood;
Think on that holy dew,
That hath thy soul renewed.

When to thy lonely bed
All wearily thou hiest,
Then cross thine heart and head,
Or yet to rest thou liest.

The holy cross defies
Hallucinations foul;
And dark delusion flies
The cross-devoted soul.

Away, vain shades of night—Ye wiles that shun the day: Thou demon of deceit—Father of lies! away.

Oh! serpent, child of hell;
Whose e'er insidious wile,
And machinations fell,
The sleeping heart beguile,

Behold the Son of God!

Avaunt—for well ye know,
This sign of holy rood

Can all your power o'erthrow.

And the this body seems
By torpid sleep oppressed;
Yet Christ, by hely dreams,
Will sanctify thy rest.



## ĤYMN FOR THE KATIVITY.

FROM THE BOURGE BREVIARY.

Mundo tenebris obsito En verus affulget dies, Vanæ figuræ desinant, Adest propinqua veritas.

On a benighted world arise,

And truth's bright dawning chase away

Its all-deluding vanities.

Let the worn weeper stay her tears;
The mourner's lamentation cease;
Behold! the Son of God appears—
The ransom, and the pledge of peace.

Poor was the Heav'n-sent Law Giver,
Nor had He where to lay His head;
And He, that poised each burning sphere,
Lay humbled in a manger bed.

Come, Holy Babe—Creator erst, Now Saviour of the world, arise: Priest—of the holiest priesthood first; Thyself, the last great sacrifice.

## JYMN FOR KASTER.

FROM FORTUNATUS.
A.D. 250.

Salve festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo! Qua Deus infernum vicit, et astra tenet.



AIL ever blessed day, to festal joyance given!

For Christ hath conquered death, and won a crown in [Heaven.

See, earth revives, and her new-blooming sod Proclaims all nature risen with her God. Hail ever blessed day, to festal joyance given.

Now groves put forth their leaves, and earth her flowers, To hail Him victor o'er th' infernal powers. For Christ hath conquered death, and won a crown in Heaven.

Laud Him, earth, air, and sea; who wings His flight O'er hell confounded, to His realms of light. Hail ever blessed day, to festal joyance given!

Behold Him! victim once—now King of kings; And bless your Maker, all created things. For Christ hath conquered death, and won a crown in Heaven.



FROM HILARIUS.

Lucis largitor splendide, Cujus sereno lumine Post lapsa noctis tempora Dies refusus panditur.

### 60000000

Whose all-inspiring ray
Breaks on the world, when night
Resigns her sway.

Thou'rt the true Lucifer—
No lesser orb may be
The frail, faint harbinger
Of light, from Thee.

Than mortal suns more bright,
Our very day Thou art;
That holiest inward light,
That fires the heart.

Come, Light Paternal! come— Thou that hast all things made: Fearful indeed our doom, Without Thine aid.

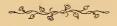
That the full soul of grace No wily frauds ensnare; Nor satan's ban deface God's image there.

So 'mid the needful care
Of worldly usage, we
May keep a conscience fair,
And live to Thee.

A chastened spirit cleanse The sin-polluted heart; And keep in innocence This earthly part.

This be our faithful prayer;
Thus each new dawn employ;
To bless thy nightly care
With songs of joy.

ĤYMN.



Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos Manant in agros . . . . Et foliis viduantur orni Hor.

To the poor transient sojourner;
That every ray of hope is flown,
When the dread Donor claim His own?

Shall wildest woe for ever moan "Oh Absalom! my son, my son?" The darkest sky will cease to rain, And widowed forests bloom again.

Is there no balm in Gilead, For breaking heart, or aching head? No fount, more potent far to heal, "Than all thy waters, Israel?"

He, that bade Lazarus arise, Can soothe the soul's worst agonies; And o'er the wounded spirit shed A balm—ne'er grew in Gilead.

## RYMN FOR THE WATIVITY.

FROM THE BOURGE BREVIARY.

Ave Jesu, Deus magne!
Ave Puer, Mitis Agne!
Ave Deus, homo nate!
In præsepe reclinate.
O Potestas, O Egestas,
O Majestas Domini.
O Majestas!
Quid non præstas homini?

AIL Jesu, Lord omnipotent!
Hail Lamb of God, in mercy sent!
Hail Deity incarnate Thou!
Cradled in lowly manger now.
Oh might and impotence allied!
Oh power majestic deified!
What hast Thou e'er to man denied?

T' enrich us in our sore distress;
Friend in our utter hopelessness;
Thou, babe in swaddling bands, wast sent
A helpless, hapless innocent.
Oh might and impotence allied! &c.

How wast Thou, Darling of Thy Sire!
Consorted then, with beasts in byre;
Creator, Arbiter of all,
For us—made wretched criminal.
Oh might and impotence allied! &c.

Take this devoted soul to Thee,
Jesu! in its integrity;
With burning zeal for Thee inspire,
And brand it with Thine holy fire.
Oh might and impotence allied! &c.

Chase each unhallowed fancy hence,
The bane of saintly innocence;
To Thine own spirit fashion mine,
And make me all and ever Thine.
Oh might and impotence allied!
Oh power majestic deified!
What hast Thou e'er to man denied?



## STABAT MATER.

BY JACOPONUS

Stabat mater dolorosa Juxta crucem lacrymosa, Dum pendebat filius, Cujus animam gementem Contristantem ac dolentem Pertransivit gladius.

The agonized mother stood,

Whereon her offspring dies:

Whose racked and writhing soul was smit,

As tho' a sword were piercing it,

With mortal agonies.

How vast her pain, poor sorrowing one!

Blest mother of that blesséd Son—

Her only progeny:

How drear, and doleful was her state,

As trembling, at His feet she sate,

To watch His passing sigh.

Ah! who could view, with tearless eye,
What unrelenting agony
The holy mother tried?
Or shut compassion from his heart,
To see a tender parent's smart,
Her dying Son beside?

'Twas for her nation's sins indeed,
She saw the Holy Jesus bleed,
The tearing scourge beneath;
It was her own, her darling Son,
Whose dying throes she gazed upon,
Forsa'en, and pale in death.

Hail! holy mother, fount of love!
With sympathy my spirit move,
That I, with thee, may grieve:
That this cold earthy heart may burn
For Christ, my Saviour, in its turn;
And to His glory live.

Oh holy mother! that thou art,
Inflict His sorrows on my heart,
The flesh to crucify;
That I may feel some little share
Of the sad wounds He deigned to bear
For sinners, such as I.

Oh make me, make me weep with thee,
For Him they nailed upon the tree,
While yet I live to weep;
And with thee, stand beside the rood—
Like thee, in sorrowing gratitude,
His holy vigil keep.

Purest and best of Virgins! hence Shed thy benignant influence, To make me mourn with thee; And bear to my last parting breath, Pain for His pains, and cruel death He suffered once, for me:

To bear the stripes He bore for us—
For love, to glory in His Cross,
In holy ecstasy;
That, when before Thy judgment-seat,
My rapture-kindled soul may meet
An advocate in Thee.

Oh! may His Cross, and parting cry,
Strength, peace, and constancy supply
In my last agonies:
And, when this dust to dust return,
My soul, on seraph-wings, be borne
To Him—in Paradise.



Parendum est, cedendum est,
Claudenda vitæ scena;
Est jacta sors, me vocat mors,
Hæc hora est postrema;
Valete res, 'valete spes,
Sic finit cantilena.

JESUITENPOESIE.

WE must obey,
We must away,
Life's curtain now must fall;
The die is cast,
We're called at last,
Farewell hope, world and all;
The hour is nigh
When we must die,
So ends the festival.

Oh earthly sun!
Thou mighty one,
Now yield to fate's command;

Go hide thy head
In ocean's bed,
I'm weary of thy brand:
Approaching night
Puts out thy light,
And casts thy bark astrand.

Thou silver lyre,
Instarred in fire,
Ye golden planets, shine,
And starlets, bright
With twinkling light,
For other eyes than mine;
While comets tell
Of dirge and knell,
And nought but ill divine.

Oh friends! ye best
And most caressed,
My old companions too,
Death comes; Oh how
Unwelcome now!
Our social bond t' undo:
We've had our share
Of life's welfare;
Then, world and all adieu!

And last—adieu
Thou body too,—
Art called and thou must go:
And whatso'er
Befall thee there
Of good or evil; know
A righteous fate
Will all await;
Or be it weal or woe.





### ROMES.

### ST. NICHOLAS HILL.

Page 3, Lines 10 to 16 .- "Its infant tale, &c."

- (I.) Nothing is known of the origin of this very ancient Chapel, so romantically situated at the mouth of the little harbour of Ilfracombe; or whether it was originally intended for the double office of Oratory and Lighthouse. But notice of the latter is found as early as 1522, in VEASEY'S Register.
- (2.) Sir William de Tracey, flying from the *pious* zeal of Henry 2nd, after the murder of Thomas á Becket, is said to have taken refuge in the rocks and caverns of the wild and inhospitable coast, west of Ilfracombe; so notorious for their danger, and frequency of fatal wrecks, that the western extremity is called Morte-point: and the adjoining village Morthoe. In this seclusion Tracy is said to have ended his life; and his tomb is, at this day, to be seen in Morthoe church.
- (3.) Bishop Vesey in his Register gives the following account:—"In Capellâ S. Nicholai super Portum villæ de Ilfracombe fundatâ, luminare quoddam singulis annis per totam hyemem, nocturnis temporibus, in summitate dictæ Capellæ ardens, velut stella, nocte corruscans invenitur."
- (4.) When the means of supporting it failed, the Bishop offered all true penitents 40 days' indulgence: "Qui ad dicti luminaris sustentationem manus porrexerint adjutrices."

Tradition tells us that it was the resort of Pilgrims: and that Mariners made their vows and offerings there. It is called Lantern Hill, and inhabited by the person who has care of the light.

i NOTES.

(5.) At St. Lawrence, on the southern coast of the Isle of Wight, there is a large horn worked by machinery, which, during the sea-fogs (so frequent in the locality,) blows a loud blast about every three or four minutes; as beneficial, we hope, to sea-farcrs, as it is annoying to land-lubbers.

### -majpara-

#### MANORBIER.

- (6.) The beautiful and secluded valley of Manorbier lies on the southwestern coast of Pembrokeshire, (called Demetia) nearly equi-distant from Tenby and Pembroke; but so far to the south of the high-road as to escape the observation of travellers; and seems to have been little known, till Tenby became a favorite resort. Passing a few very ancient cottages, having, in common with the eastle, the large circular chimney shafts of the country, said to have been introduced by the Flemings in the reign of Henry 2nd; the visitor suddenly breaks upon the valley with surprise and admiration of its wild grandeur, and beautiful desolation. On his right hand is the fine ruin of its ancient castle; and on the left, the extensive remains of some ecclesiastical building, commonly supposed to be a monastery: though little more than foundations, and some small portion of walls are left. Among them stands the present church: which, with a more modern exterior, shews internal marks of great antiquity, that seem to justify the opinion; a monument of a soldier of the crusades is preserved in it. The castle was the residence of the de Barri family, who were probably settled there soon after the conquest: of this family, the historian Geraldus (Cambrensis) was a younger son, in the reign of Henry 2nd. He accompanied Abp. Baldwin, on his tour through Wales to preach the 3rd crusade; who, by his aid, took thence a considerable reinforcement to Palestine.
- (7.) The tomb in the church is very probably that of one of the de Barri's who went with him, and lived to return. Caradoc of Llancarvan makes no mention of Manorbier; and there seems to be scarcely any record of this part of Wales. Altogether the effect of the church, and its position with reference to the castle, and the surrounding scenery, is very striking.

iii

Geraldus tells us—"The Castle, called Mænor-Pyrr, is excellently well defended by turrets, and bulwarks, and is situated on the summit of a hill extending on the western side to the sea-port; having on the northern and southern sides a fine fish-pond under its walls, as conspicuous for its grand appearance, as for the depth of its waters, and a beautiful orchard on the same side, inclosed on one part by a vineyard, and on the other by a wood, remarkable for the projection of its rocks, and the height of its hazel trees. On the right hand of the promontory, between the castle and the church, near the site of a very large lake, and a mill, a rivulet of never-failing water flows through the valley, rendered sandy by the violence of the winds. Toward the west the Severn sea, bending its course to Ireland, enters a hollow bay at some distance from the castle; from this point you may see all the ships of Great Britain that the east wind drives upon the Irish coast, brave the inconstant winds and raging sea."

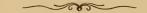
Leland, who visited it in 1536, seems to have found it in its present deserted and ruinous state. He says "Mainopir, i.e. mansio Pirrhi, is now commonly cawlled Manober, a Towne of Howsbondrie. . . . . The ruins of Pirrhus Castel there, many Walles yet standyng, hole, do openly appere . . . but not on the Hye-Way, for yt standeth nere the Shore of the Severn Se."

- (8.)—The hirlas was the drinking horn of the ancient Welsh nobles.
- (9).—The Bards wore a sky-blue robe, the Druids a white one, the Ovates green.
- (10.)—Ancient legends say that Arthur was not killed at the battle of Camlan, but was borne away by Fairies, grievously wounded, to the happy Islands; whence at a future crisis he was to reappear, and reign triumphantly over all Britain.
- (11.)—The part of the Irish channel, bordering on the western coast of Wales, was anciently called the "Severne Se."
- (12.)—Near the verge of the southern cliff stands a Cromlech: the nature of these relics of Druidism is, and ever will be, a mystery: and it is not the author's province to vindicate the poor aspersed Druids from the charges

iv NOTES.

made by Casar and Tacitus. But the words of the latter, "that their groves were consecrated to scenes of the most barbarous superstition," is sufficient to justify the wild excursions of excited fancy.

(13.)—A little beyond the Cromlech, the visitor will be struck with three very remarkable fissures in the old red sand-stone: they are very deep, (upwards of 100 feet) and of considerable length, and indicate some great natural convulsion of far distant times: but the author does not pledge his troth, that it was by Merlin's agency.



#### THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

"I see the flow rets, &c." Page 30.

Quali i fioretti dal notturno gelo Chinati e chiusi poi che 'I Sol gl' imbianca, Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo.

DANTE, Inf., c. ii., 127.

#### CONLACK.

#### Page 35.

There is so strong resemblance between this Ballad and the Persian tale of "Zohrab and Rustum," that they have probably a common origin; or was the Oriental or the Celtic the original?

Dunscaick was a stronghold in the Isle of Skye, of which the ruins still exist.

Dundalgin is the modern Dundalk. See the original Gaelic, with version, in the Dean of LISMORE'S Book, and also that of EWEN M'ORMIE. (Page 103).

#### PETRARCH.

#### Canzone VI. Page 106.

This fine Ode is generally supposed to be addressed to the spirit of Cola de Rienzi, "the last of the Tribunes." Beolchi considers this an error, and that it was intended by the author to address Stefano Colonna, on his elevation to the Senatorship of Rome. Both were friends of Petrarch, and for both he appears to have had the highest esteem. The object of it was to awaken the ancient spirit of the Romans, to regenerate Italy and its Capitol, prostrated and demoralized by the Guelphic civil wars, and the factions of her leading families; whose feuds, continually carried on by means of leaders of mercenary bands of ruffians, called Condottieri, kept the country in a perpetual state of war and misery.

#### "Holy Church." Page 109.

Alluding to the pride and dissolute lives of the Hierarchy, and hinting the appropriate remedy.

#### "Bears, Lions, Wolves." Do.

The bearings and ensigns of the great families of Rome, whose dissentions were desolating her, and were enemies of the COLONNA family.

The great Column figures the distinguished family of COLONNA, the friends and patrons of Petrarch.

#### "Holier Father." Do.

The Pope, then resident at Avignon, and wholly engaged in disputes and intrigues with the Emperors of Germany, to the total neglect of his spiritual functions. A delicate, but keen piece of satire.

#### ITALIA! ITALIA!

#### Page 111.

This much-admired Sonnet was written in reprobation of the then custom of introducing foreigners into Italy, to fight the battles of the contending factions.

vi Notes.

#### PEACE TO THE LAND.

#### "Herse shall be." Page 131.

The Herse was a framework of iron or brass, placed over ancient monuments to carry the lights, with which they were illuminated by night; and also the canopy or pall. Those of iron were generally for temporary use only, and were seldom preserved. There is a very perfect one of iron in Tanfield Church, a little village in Yorkshire; a fine brass one in Beauchamp's Chapel, Warwick.



#### PONE LUCTUM.

#### Page 91.

In the first stanza of this beautiful hymn, the author has assumed the office of expositor, rather than of a literal translator, as the third line would be unintelligible to those who are not aware of the opinion of some, that Mary Magdalene was identical with the sister of Lazarus; who anointed the feet of Jesus at the supper of Simon the leper. See JOHN XI. 2 and XII. 3; also Luke VIII. 36, and MATT. XXV. 6.

It is difficult to say when rhyme was first introduced into Latin verse; occasional instances of it are of great antiquity; but it seems to have become more general about the 3rd and 4th centuries, and much used in the services of the Church. Though the most distinguished hymn writers of that period, viz. Ambrosius, Hilarius, Prudentius, Fortunatus and others, seem but seldom to have adopted it.

As language degenerated, and required the aid of false ornament, antithesis and rhyme were adopted, and especially by hymn writers. The *rules of quantity and prosody* were gradually neglected, and latterly entirely gave place to *emphasis* and *accent*.

The name of Leonine was given to these verses from Leonius or Leoninus, a Canon of St. Benedict at Paris, who lived about A.D. 1135, and was a celebrated composer, though not the inventor, of them.

NOTES. vii

In this, and the two following centuries, we find the celebrated names of Bernhard, Bonaventura, Aquinas, Victor, and Jacoponus among the hymn writers; and many, and ingenious, were their productions; though mostly ill adapted to metrical translation; being often scriptural narrative, and metaphysical disquisition on doctrines, then the subject of much controversy; to this they owed their popularity; and their charm to their clever versification.

Many of them have considerable beauty of their own, and are venerable for their antiquity. In themselves simple, pathetic, and often elevated, their effect has been rendered irresistible by the beautiful music to which they have been adapted.

Among the first in merit stands the "Dies iræ," by Thomas a Celano, and "Stabat Mater." The former has been often well translated. Of the latter (so well known for its music), a humble but literal version is attempted at page 282. It was written by Jacoponus, an Italian poet, and friend of Dante, who died at an advanced age, A.D. 1306.

They afterwards became very numerous: the large majority are of little value, either in a devotional or literary point of view.

The Author has made this little selection principally from the Hymnarium Blüthen, and a few of the continental breviaries, of such hymns as best suited his purpose: avoiding, as much as possible, the monotony and repetition, which characterizes the mass of them.

DR. JOHNSON, in his life of WATTS, most judiciously observes: "His devotional poetry, like that of all others, is unsatisfactory: the paucity of its topics enforce perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for him to have done best, what no man has done well."





#### ERRATA.

PAGE	53,	for	stat tua read tua stat.
,,	69,	1,	last line misplaced.
11	72,	,,	as omitted (in St. 4, l. 2).
7.1	98,	11	for you, l. 15, read ye.
,,			Her ,, Thy.
11	136,		primavara ,, primavera
1.1	148,		first line misplaced.
11	180,	,,	naught, l. 10, read nought.
3.1	241,	1.1	constitus read consitus.
11	249,	2.1	presepe ,, præsepe.
.,	256,	,,	of ,, by.



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